SIR PHILIP SYDNEYS

Ourania,

That is,

Endimions *Song and Tragedie.*

Written by N. B.

N(icholas) B(reton)

Printed in the Year, 1653

SIR PHILIP SYDNEYS

Ourania,

That is,

Pardimiones Song and Tragedie.

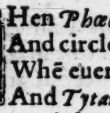
Written by N. B.

Printed in the Year 1653.

Sir Philip Sidney's *Ouránia.*

OR,

ENDIMIONS Song and Tragedie, Containing all Phyloſophie.



WHen *Phœbus* gaue his fierie horſes reſt,
And circled had his glorious Hemiſphere:
Whē euery Creature thought him fully bleſt
And *Tytan* gan old *Thetis* bed to cheere,
When ſilent-nights blacke mantle did appeare,
In ſecret ſort I gaue the looking on,
While bleſſed *Cynthia* grac't *Endymion.*

I ſaw how that the ſacred Nymph came downe
In purple Robe, with ſtarres yfretyzed
I ſawe her guard, chaſte Ladyes of renowne,
Bleſt of the Gods, with fame enthronized:
In neuer-dying Rowles eternized.
I knew them all; *Endymion* the Swayne,
And mightie *Cynthia* with her bleſſed Traine.

Shee is well knowne whom all the world admires
For vertuous life, and prudent modeſtie;
Rare are her gifts full of *Sydneian*-fyres,
Muſes and Graces of high ſoueraigntie:
Attend and garniſh her with modſtie.
I meane not now therefore to paint her praize,
Being a taske too high for withered Baize.

But ſhew the ſtorie as it then fell out,
When ſhe firſt fauoured *Endymion*:
And how falſe *Lyuidus* brought it about,
That *Cynthia* had him in ſuſpition:
(No heart can ſhrowde it in obliuion)
And who ſo reades *Endymions* wofull Verſe
Let him with teares his Tragedie reherſe.

It greeues my heart to ſe the gentle Swayne,
That kept his tender Lambes on *Ida* Mount:
And brought them downe againe into the plaine,
To take their pleaſure by the ſiluered Fount,
Folding them all, and taking iuſt account,
Leaſt one of them by Careleſſe ouerſight
Should wandring periſh in the darke-ſome night.

It greeues my heart (I ſay) to heare his moane,
Faſt by the walles of *Troy* where once he dwelt:
With wringing hands and many a greeuous groane,
He did expreſſe the miſeries he felt.
A heart of flint I thinke would ſurely melt,
To ſee a gentle Shepheard thus caſt downe,
By Enuies practiſe and great *Cynthyas* frowne.

You mightie Princes and high Potentates,
That with your Scepters ſwaye great Monarchies,
You Lords and Knights and all you meaner States,
Which doe excell in happie dignities:
Fore-ſee your fall by enuies Treacheryes;
And chaſe her from your habitation,
As Hagge of Helliſh generation.

Obſerue her practiſes in tumbling downe,
The greateſt princes of the Oulderne times:
Bereauing Monarchs of th'Imperiall Crowne,
Againſt their perſons vrging fayned Crymes,
As you may read in Poets golden Rymes.
And ſee in this moſt wofull Hyſtorie,
Glorious *Endymions* Cataſtrophie.

In Troy Towne ſcituate in *Cambria*,
There dwelt this Sheapherd of a gentle raee;
Neer fronting vpon great *Mongomria*,
Where Princely *Arthur* kept his courtly place,
Guiding great *Albion* with his golden Mace,
Where Knights and Ladies cladde in princely weeds,
Shew'd teſtimonie of their worthy deedes.

There did this gentle Shepheard feed his flocke,
There tuned hee his well contryued Reede:
Sitting on top of higheſt *Ida* rocke,
Suffring his tender Lambes meane while to feede,
VVhiles he, clad in his homely Countrey weede,
Sang Madrigals and Stanzies of great worth,
And deſcanted to bring his Muſicke forth.

Well could he ſing diuine and ſacred layes,
With bleſſed notes as Poets did record,
In ſiluered lines painting high *Iouahs* praiſe,
And eke the death of Chriſtians dying Lord.
Such Muſicke did he oft his flocke afford.
As made them leaue their foode to liſten well,
As if they were inchaunted with the ſpell.

Satyrs and *Siluans* at the harmonie,
Sometime came darting from the darkeſome Groue,
Approouing oft the chaunting melodie,
And with their harſh and rurall voyces ſtroue,
To ſound the praiſes of celeſtiall *Ioue*;
But when their Pipes and voices diſagreed,
They held their peace and caſt away their reed.

Sometimes he made the Rocks for to rebound,
With *Eccho* of his Notes; ſometime the dales,
And woods, and ſprings, to yeeld a burbling ſound,
As beaten with reflexe of Madrigales;
Sibillas Oracles, and prophets tales:
Which ſhew the way to immortalitie,
In perfect Hymnes of true diuinitie.

So well he could his warbling Notes diuide,
That other Shepheards did his layes admire,
And ſet their Notes, as he their Pipes did guide,
Vntill they could vnto the like aſpire:
Yet neuer tooke he recompence or hire,
But as he lay vpon th' *Idaan* hill,
He dayly ſounded lowde his Oten quill,

Long liu'd vpon this Mounte the gentle Swayne,
Recording ſongs vnto the Deitie:
Till *Cynthia* walking with her bleſſed Traine,
Approach'd the ſhepheard and his melodie.
Where ſhe obſeruing well the Harmonie,
With Maieſtie diuine and princelie grace,
Retyr'd her ſelfe and pauz'd a little ſpace.

I well did view the Coronet ſhe ware,
With Diamonds and Saphyres orient,
A Carkenet moſt pretious and rare,
Fretized with Carbuncles which *Hebe* ſent,
(The ſame which *Pyrocles* did firſt inuent)
Did circle twiſe, her ſacred necke, & breſt,
In which the Muſes, and the Graces, reſt.

Betweene her paps a luſtrious Diamond;
Link'd to her Carkenet by curious Arte,
(Of yore found out by skilfull *Belyſond*,
And giuen by the mightie *Britomarte*)
So placed was, that light it might impaꝛte,
To all inferiour Orbs in darkeſt night,
When *Phœbus* had with-draw'n his glorious light.

A ſurcote all of purple ſilke ſhe wore,
Diapred with *Flora's* curious skill,
Butned with orientall Pearles before,
with golden loops to faſten at her will,
Fram'd for her bodie by great *Aſtrophill*.
Such as *Bellona* vſed heretofore,
In chaſing of the feirce *Adonian Bore*.

Wauing and wide tuck't vp vnto her knee,
Adorned with a frinoge of pureſt gould,
Whence parcell of the Lawne I chanc'd to ſee,
That whiter then it ſelfe, her skinne doth fould;
By *Phyſis* fram'd for feature vncontrould:
Like whiteſt Iuorie beautifull and trymme,
Whiter then Swannes that in *Meander* ſwimme.

Part of her legges gaue luſtre to my viewe,
As Iuorie pillars bearing vp the frame;
By that I iudge my other ſpeeches true,
Which who ſo ſees ſhal verifie the ſame.
Pardon diuine and moſt Illuſtrious Dame,
Though ſimple Swaynes do glorifie thy name,
Since by this ſubiect get we laſting fame.

Her Iuorie legs and feet the buskins hide,
Of curious ſtuffe with gold imbelliſhed,
Leſt natures Ornaments ſhould be eſpyed,
Of worth-leſſe wantons, rude, vnpoliſhed,
Or *Venus* brats of wits vnfurniſhed:
For ouer all, ſhe vaild her with a Robe,
As azur'd welkin ouer-ſpreads the Globe.

Two Grey-hounds ſwift and white as whiteſt ſnow,
Attend her to purſue the nymble Deere:
And in her hand ſhe bare a dreadefull bowe,
To kill the game, if any ſhould appeere,
Or any deadly foe approach too neere,
Thus ſtands great *Cynthia* in the midſt of May;
With all her Traine to heare *Endymions* Lay.

What was the Subject of the Shepheards Song,
Aske noble *Cynthia*, for ſhee can tell:
I liſt not now to keep you ouer-long,
For needleſſe things become not ſtories well:
The *Stationers* the Shepheards muſicke ſel.
But liſten well Ile tell you more anon,
Of *Cynthias* Ladies and *Endymion*.

The firſt was *Vera* daughter to an Earle, *Vera.*
Whilom a Paragon of mickle might:
And worthily then termed *Albions* Pearle,
For bountie in expence, and force in fight,
(Mee liſt to giue ſo great a prince his right)
In all the Tryumphs held in *Albion* ſoyle,
He neuer yet receiu'd diſgrace or foyle.

Onely,

Onely ſome thinke he ſpent too much in vaine,
That was his fault: but giue his honour due,
Learned he was, iuſt, affable and plaine;
No traytor, but euer gratious, and true:
Gainſt Princes peace, a plot he neuer drewe.
But as they be deceiu'd that too much truſt:
So truſted hee ſome men, that prou'd vnjuſt.

Weake are the wits that meaſure Noble-men,
By accidentall things that ebbe and flowe;
His learning made him honourable then,
As trees their goodneſſe by their fruites doe ſhowe,
So we doe Princes by their vertues knowe.
For riches, if they make a King; tell then;
What differ pooreſt Kings, from pooreſt men?

One branch amongſt the reſt; he left behinde,
To ſpread the glory of th'Oxonian lyne:
Noble by birth, true, liberall, and kinde.
The glorious fruite of high *Cecilian* vine;
Sacred in marriage with euerlaſting twyne,
Which *Iuno* ſponne for great *Mongomria*,
A mightie Prince in weſtern *Cambria*.

ndra, *Calandra* was the next of Princely race,
ingua. *Haſtingna* bred her, in her ſacred Cell,
Of wiſedome excellent, of modeſt grace,
Profoundeſt Oracles of Chriſtian ſpell,
Shee wiſely could vnfould and plainely tell,
bie de la Shee learn'd this skill of that *Aſhbeian* Prince,
ch. Who often did *Carpocrates* conuince.

pe, Wro- *Agape*, with *Muſophila* the Bride,
Ladyes of worthe, and babes of *Sydneia*,
Euphues ornaments, and natures pride,
phila, Nimphs, Paſtorellas of *Arcadia*,
erta. Foſtered in the Muſes Gunakeia.
Theſe foure followed bleſſed *Cynthia*,
To view the gardens of Heſperida.

With

With many another honourable Dame,
Bleſſed *Phileta, Clara, Candida*;
Theſe lodge within the houſe of *Cynthia*,
Within the Lande of *Terra Florida*,
Fronting the Fountaines of *Caſtalida*;
Theſe circle faireſt *Cynthia* in a Ring,
While ſhe doth ſtay to heare *Endymion* ſing.

Phileta.
Clara.
Candida.

The Iewels which they wore gaue ſuch a ſhine,
Vpon a ſuddaine to the ſillie Swaine,
That all vnable were his feeble eyne,
So great a luſter longer to ſuſtaine,
Downe fell his pipes, dead was his muſick-ſtraine,
For priuate men, hardly beholde her face,
But ſtraite they ſtande amazed in the place.

But *Cynthia* ſtoop'd and tooke him vp againe,
And rub'd his Temples with her tender hand:
Each Ladie ſtroue to take the greateſt paine,
To rouze him from his Trance, and make him ſtand.
Each way to ſaue his life, was deepely ſcand,
But all in vaine, till *Cynthia* láyde aſide,
Her Maieſtie, that daunteth rurall pride.

At laſt the ſillie Shepheard gan reuiue,
Yet as amaz'd he knew not where he was:
But ſtood as one halfe dead, and halfe aliue,
As often times we ſee it come to paſſe,
(For mortall man compared is to graſſe)
Flora cannot ſuſteine the parching heate,
Of *Phœbus* beames vnceſſantly to beat.

But ſhee that knew the cauſe of his diſtreſſe,
Releiued him with words of ſweeteſt grace
And ſaide: Thou gentle Swayne, the Gods thee bleſſe,
Be of good cheere: Caſt ſorrowe from thy face:
Keepe on thy Laye, and bleſſed be thy race,
Thrice happie he that taught thy Muſicke ſownd,
Ioye to their hearts, whom Miſerye doth wound.

Caſt feare away, Ile be thy Patroneſſe:
While *Chynthia* liues *Endymion* is ſure;
Let no aſtoniſhment, thy minde oppreſſe:
Thus did her gracious words, the Shepheard cure.
Who looking vp with countenance demure,
Bowing himſelfe with humble reuerence,
Addreſſ'd this ſpeech, vnto her Excellence.

Renowned *Cynthia* glorie of thy Sexe,
For learning had in admiration:
The ſhine of whoſe illuſtrious reflexe,
May dazle wits of high inuention:
Diuine Miſtreſſe of Elocution,
Pardon poore Shepheards rude, and worthleſſe Rymes,
Not ſuch as were the Layes of Olderne Tymes.

Rare is thy skill, in mightie Poeſie;
Whom Poets Laureat crowne, with laſting Bayes,
In Songs of neuer dying Memorie,
Such as greater *Homer* ſung in former dayes.
When he with Hymnes, did chaſte *Caſſandra* praiſe.
O let me liue I pray thee, on this Hill,
And tune in Country ſort my crazed Quill.

This modeſt ſute, (quoth *Cynthia*) is not fit
For thee to craue; nor for my ſtate to graunt:
Thou oughtſt in higher ſtraine t'aduauce thy wit,
And ſacred Notes mongſt learned men to chaunt;
Mee liſt not to thy face thy Muſicke vaunt.
I like it well, and this may thee ſuffice,
Songs of no worth I vtterly diſpiſe.

If thou accountſt my iudgement any thing,
And deemſt mee farre remote from flatterie,
Let me entreate thee once againe to ſing,
Melodious Notes of ſweeteſt Harmonie.
For ſuch doe pleaſe the higheſt Deitie,
And comfort vs after our weary Howers,
Which we haue ſpent in gathering Gilliflowers.

The

The Shepheard lowting low, made obeyſance,
To all the bleſſed Ladies in their gree:
Hee promiſed to ſhew his puiſſance,
And tooke his Pipe downe from a lawrell Tree.
(For hundreds ſuch on *Ida* planted be)
Appollo ſet them circle-wiſe for wunder,
To ſhrowd the Shepheards from lame *Vulcans* thunder.

And all the Ladies plac'd themſelues a rowe,
To compaſſe round the mightie *Cynthia*.
Before was neuer ſeene ſuch glorious ſhowe,
To grace *Endymion* in *Cambria*.
Who (encouraged by *Muſophila*,
The Lady Bride, and Bride of happy choyce)
Tun'de well his Pipe, vnto his trembling voice.

And ſang the Song of vniuerſall *Pan*,
High Soueraigne God, and Prince of Happines:
When, where, and how, great *Ioue* this Globe began,
To ſhew his euerlaſting Mightines.
How euerie Orbe his center doth poſſeſſe,
And all things elſe as now they framed beene,
In bleſſed order, comelie to be ſeene.

I heard him ſing a Laye of mickle worth,
Which I by partes will orderly relate,
Helpe me great *Cynthia* to ſet it foorth,
Being choice Melodie and intricate,
Prized by Poets at the higheſt rate,
A Subject fit for *Sydneys* eloquence,
High *Chaucers* vaine, and *Spencers* influence.

The Song.

BEfore this world (quoth he) was ſet in frame,
Or any thing, had Eſſence, forme, or Name,
Or Sunne, or Moone, or ſtarry Firmament,
Or Planetarie Orbes, or Elemens,

Or Snow, or Haile, or any Meteore,
Whereof each Element produceth store:
Or Sea, or Sand, or Pearle, or Fowle, or Fish,
Or any Iewell, which the world may wish,
Or *Floras* Mantle garnished with flowers,
Wherewith you Ladies, decke your princely Bowers:
Or Trees, or Beasts, or any creeping thinges,
Which nature in abundance dayly brings:
Or Golde, or Siluer, Copper, Leade or Brasse,
Or glorious Man, or blessed woman was,
Or any thing that may be thought vpon,
Had eyther state, or constitution;
There was one Soueraigne God, which we call *Pan*,
That cannot be defin'd by mortall man.
Some call him *Iona* for his Existence,
Some *Elohym* for his excellence,
Some call him *Theos* for his burning light
Some call him *Deus*, for his fearefull might.
Some call him mightie *Tetragrammaton*
Of letters fower in composition,
There is no Region vnderneath the skie,
But by foure letters write the Deitie.
For fower is a perfect number square,
And æquall sides in euerie part doth beare.
And God is that, which sometime Good we nam'd.
Before our English Tongue was shorter fram'd:
Pan in the Greeke, the Shepheards doe him call,
Which we doe tearme the whole vniuersall.
All in himself, All one, All euerie where,
All in the Center, All out, All in the Spheare,
All seeing all, All comprehending all,
All blessed, Almightie, All æternall,
Comprehended in no circumference
Of no beginning, nor ending essence,
Not capable of composition,
Qualitie, accident, diuision,
Passion, forme, or alteration.
All permanent without Mutation,

Principall

Principall Mouer alwaies in action,
Without wearineſſe or intermiſſion.
Immortall, and without infirmitie,
Of euerlaſting ſplendent Maieſtie.
One in Eſſence, not to be deuided,
Yet into Trinitie diſtinguiſhed.
Three in one eſſence, one eſſence in three,
A wonder I confeſſe too hard for mee.
Yet diuine Poets innumerable,
With ſtrong Arguments vnreſiſtable,
As Theorems, and Demonſtrations,
Deliuer it, to our Contemplations.
The Father, Sonne, and holy Ghoſt theſe three,
Are ſubſiſtent perſons in the Deitie:
Abba, *Ben*, *Ruach*, bleſſed Poets ſing, *Abba*, Pa
Are the true Names of *Pan* cœleſtiall King, *Ben*, Sonn
This may ſuffice, to ſhewe a myſterie, *Ruach*, Sp
That paſſeth mortall Mans Capacitie,
Now to proceed: Bleſſed immortall *Pan*, Angels no
Was not alone before this world began, made befo
Yet were no Angels as then created, Heauen.
Nor Angels Offices deſtinated.
Nor could their attendance doe him pleaſure,
In whom conſiſted all bleſſed treaſure,
All comprehending *Pan* was then no where.
A certaine place muſt euery Angel beare. The Reaſon.
Not circumſcriptiue but definitiue. } Circumſ
Pan fils eache place in manner repletiue. Place. } Definiti
But *Abba*, *Ben*, *Ruach* in Trinitie, } Repletiu
Making one *Pan* in perfect vnitie,
Whole *Pan* in eache, and each of theſe in *Pan*,
A myſtery that paſſeth reach of Man,
Theſe were ſufficient of themſelues to frame, *Coſmos*: th
This glorious Engine which we *Coſmos* name. world.
Who when he pleas'd to make his glory know'n
And haue his power manifeſtly ſhow'n,
He putteth out triumphant Maieſtie,
That all his creatures might him glorifie.

And at one inſtant with his onely word,
As a moſt mightie, and imperiall Lord,
This wondrous frame, of Heauen and Earth we ſee,
At once were made in ſubſtance as they bee.
Yet was this frame a Maſſe vnpoliſhed,
Void of all forme, rude and vngarniſhed,
Water, Earth, Ayre, Fire, togither blended,
As if Confuſion were the thing intended.
But mightie *Ruach* ſpread his powerfull wings,
Vpon this Maſſe, of all confuſed things;
And kept it warme, making it apt to take,
Such different forme as pleaſed *Pan* to make.
So mightie *Ioue* commaunded ſeparation,
Twixt light and heauie things for generation.
And of light Bodies made a Circumference,
In circle wiſe from th'earth for difference.
And made the earth both faſt and permanent,
The Center of th'vniuerſall continent.
And all theſe light bodies did he then diſpoſe,
heauens. Into ten Heauens, the reſt to encloſe,
The Imperiall Heauen firſt and principall,
lum Empy- Moſt large and beautifull glorious, eternall,
m. Where *Pan* himſelfe, doth vſually reſt,
Where Angels dwel, and ſacred ſoules are bleſt.
mum Mo- The ſecond the firſt mouing heauen is,
. Not *Chriſtaline* as many thinke amiſſe,
Whereby all other Orbs doe chiefly moue,
According to the will of *Pan* aboue.
lum Stel- The third is call'd the ſtarrie Firmament,
eum which to our view is alwayes eminent.
Packt full of ſtarres as Goulden Nailes in Poaſt,
To giue a luſter vnto euery coaſt:
To giue direction to them that ſaile,
riades From port to port, for their Countries auaile.
ades. To bring ſweete ſhewers to *Tellus* excellence,
As they ariſe by bleſſed influence.
One ſhepheard thought this Orbe the firſt that moued,
. de cœlo. But falſe it is by many reaſons proued,

In

In order then doe follow Planets ſeauen,
Knowne to each Figure-ſtinger vnder heauen,
That wize from thence many an vncouth-tale,
As if great *Pan* were cloſed in their Male,
With fierie *Trigons* and watrie *Triplicitie*,
They dazell the mindes of humane ſimplicitie,
Turning the true nature of Aſtronomie,
Into iudiciall *Egyptian* Sophiſtrie,
For Planets ſhew by their oppoſition,
Trine, Quartile, Sextile, or Coniunction,
Whereto the weather and bodies doe encline,
By Natures courſe, not prophecie diuine.
Nor can they ſhew by any ſecret ſtarre,
Whether thou ſhalt die in priſon or in warre,
Yet doubt we not, the Starres haue operation,
Working a ſecret inclination.
But what and how many of theſe Starres there bee,
Of that infinite number which we ſee,
Whether the thouſand and two and twentie,
Which Shepheards ſingle out of that plentie;
Or all the ſtarres togither in the Skie,
Can ſhew when, and where, thou and I ſhall die.
Or al the vertues of the Planets ſeauen,
Can proue thee damn'd, or bring thee vnto heauen:
Sith iudgement of the ſtarres can all things ſhew,
They can vnfold this Myſterie I trow.
The end of ſtarres, as ſeely ſhepheards ſaine,
Was to illuminate this darkeſome plaine,
And to demonſtrate to men of reaſon,
Spring, Sommer, Harueſt, and Winter ſeaſon.
Not to foreſhew what certaine ſhall befall,
To euerie part of this vniuerſall.
But to conclud, I ſay, as I began,
A modeſt wiſdome well beſeemes a man.
Yet theſe are the names of the Planets ſeuen,
As neere as ſimple ſhepheards can them euen,
Saturne, *Iupiter*, and *Mars*, are three,
Next to the ſtarrie Welkin in degree,

Caſter figures.

Much lower than the reſt in motion,
Becauſe of their loftie Conſtitution.
Phœbus is next which we call *Sol*, the Sunne,
Without whoſe light the world were cleane vndone.
Without whoſe heate nothing that liu's could liue,
For Light and Heate, No Planet elſe doth giue.
He is the Foſt'rer of this earthly Round,
And all the creatures that therein be found,
Piercing all things belowe with powerfull Raies
(Harke how the chirping Birds do chaunt his praiſe)
He ſwiftly runnes ouer th'vniuerſall,
In twentie foure howres a day naturall
And yet he keepes a ſtation diuine,
Staying one Month in euerie Zodiake Signe.
Producing creatures of ſuch varietie,
As mou's all men t'admire his Deitie.
No Starre within the VVelkin taketh place,
But borrowes light of his reſplendent grace.
The mightie Ocean is nouriſhed by him,
Phœbe her ſelfe without his light is dim.
Ioues winged meſſenger ſweete *Mercurie*,
Is fed by *Phœbus* bleſſed harmonie.
Venus the darling to the god of warre,
Doth neuer reſt if *Phœbus* be too farre.
The bottom of the Sea, the fiſh, the ſand,
Receiue their comfort from his bleſſed hand.
Tellus her ſelfe, and *Flora* in her pride,
Die and conſume, if *Phœbus* looke aſide.
The Diamond, Saphyr, and Rubie red,
By *Phœbus* ſcorching heate are ingendred:
The golden mettals in the deepeſt Mine,
Do conſecrate their being to his Shrine.
Ceres that Queene doth fade and pine away,
If mightie *Phœbus* hide his golden ray.
Yea *Bacchus* and *Pales*, are ſoone withered,
If *Phœbus*, in the Spring doe hide his head.
Æternall night ſhall all the world oppreſſe,
If *Phœbus* doe with-draw his golden Treſſe.

There

There was a Light before there was a Sunne,
And Day and Night before *Phœbus* begunne.
Yet is the Sunne the cauſe of Day and Night.
Shepheards diuine muſt iudge the reaſon right;
They ſay a glimering light did whirling wend,
From Eaſt to Weſt, vnto none other end,
But to ſupplie for a time *Phœbus* place,
Till he was made to runne his princely race.
But then this whirling light that Heau'n graced,
Contracted was, and in great *Phœbus* placed,
Who euer ſince was cauſe of Night and Day,
As learned Shepheards founden in their lay.
Next is the Orbe, and Spheare of *Cytharea*,
Lame *Vulcans* wife, vnconſtant *Dalila*,
Cupids mother, *Diana's* mortall foe,
Cauſe of moſt warres which Gallants vndergoe.
When bloodie fight the god of warre hath grieued,
The ioyes of *Venus* hath him oft relieued:
Therefore hath *Venus Vulcans* bed forſaken,
And dreadfull *Mars* his lodging vndertaken,
But why doth Beauties Queene loue man ſo well?
Whoſe words are wounds, whoſe frowns do death fore-tell
Shee Triumpheth in his Coniunction,
She's grieued at his oppoſition:
When he is merrie, then ſhee laughes or ſmiles,
And with conceits the longeſt nights beguiles.
Can there be any perfect Sympathie,
T'wixt bloodie warres, and Chamber-melodie?
Elſe *Pan* forbid: but let vs vnderſtand,
The matter well that we do take in hand.
T'wixt warres and peace can be no Sympathie,
But man and woman are in peace pardie.
Great *Pan* ordain'd as Shepheards do relate,
Contrarie Elements without debate,
Should altogither in one bodie dwell,
Louing each other, and agreeing well:
So though *Mars* be bloodie in his Center,
Yet is he pacified if *Venus* enter.

Day and
before th
was mad
Geneſ. 1.

Venus, ♀

Againe

Againe faire *Venus* with ſmyling pleaſance
Know's how t'aſſwage his angrie countenance,
So that there is a perfect harmonie,
Twixt white and blacke directly contrarie,
Which being mixed do agree for euer,
Whom neither Art, or Nature, can diſſeuer.
And this is the reaſon, as ſhepheards skan,
Why a faire Ladie loues a Martiall man.
Next comes to our conſideration,
urius. ☿ *Mercurie* fraught with ſophiſtication.
Nimble, ingenious, buſie as the Bees,
Wittie, as an Ape, to follow what he ſees.
In each thing ſome skill, in full Arte no bodie:
Thus whirleth about this Mercurial nodie.
Prate like a Perrot, and readie of tongue,
At dice, Cards, and gaming all the day long.
Of wit ſharpe and ſubtile, of quicke apprehention,
Fit to exployte any rare mad inuention.
VVhy theſe be Mercurial, if thou wouldeſt weet!
It's becauſe *Mercurius* hath winged feet,
All deſignments to put in execution,
As Planets ſuperior worke reuolution.
Faithfully keeping his circular Spheere,
Paſſing the Zodiak ſignes in one whole yeere.
a. ☾ Now muſt we ſpeake of earths bleſſed mother,
The loweſt Planet ſwifter than other.
Loweſt of all, and neareſt to our view,
Reſplendent *Phabe*, chaſte, powerfull and true.
Glorious Nurſe of all this lower frame,
Infuſing moyſture to the burning flame,
Of parching *Phœbus*, whoſe fierie beames,
She doth allay, and coole with moiſtning ſtreames.
The *Moone*, *Dyana*, *Phabe*, *Cynthia*,
Shepheards call hir in *Terra Florida*
ſtrophe ad One of hir names I doe aſcribe to thee,
einam In whom her princely vertues ſeated bee.
ndam Ma- Dee'r Princeſſe Laureat of *Hellicon*,
Pemb. Deigne to accept it from *Endymion*.

Since

Since thou participat'ſt with her in qualitie,
Her name thy mightineſſe ſhall dignifie.
I call her *Phœbe* now for difference,
Betweene thy ſelfe and her magnificence.
All things vpon, and all within the round,
Vnto her Soueraignties are deepely bound,
Her greatneſſe is the nine and thirtieth part,
Of all the earth as ſhepheards finde by Art.
In eight iuſt houres, and ſeuen and twentie dayes,
She runs through the twelue Zodiack ſignes alwayes,
She ſwiftly paſſeth through the Zodiacke,
Great *Phœbus* in his courſe to ouertake.
In twelue houres and nine and twentie dayes,
She ouertak's the Sonne, *Ptolomie* ſayes.
And this is iuſtly called Heauens wonder,
That theſe two Planets diſtant farre aſonder,
Once euery month, meete in Conjunction.
To celebrate matrimoniall function.
O joyfull time when theſe two Louers meet!
When with ſweet Congies one doth th'other greet.
But when they meete long time they cannot ſtay,
Phœbus muſt part, ſwift time calles him away.
Phœbe returnes to vndertaken taske,
No hower granted in idleneſſe to maske.
Phœbus parting giues her light ſufficient,
T'Illuminate th'inferior Continent.
Which like a faithfull wife ſhe doth diſpoſe,
Proportionable to the neede of thoſe,
That high or lowe haue their habitation
Capable of her Conſtellation;
She waggoneth to *Neptunes* Pallace than,
That wonneth in the mightie Ocean:
She views the Creekes, Ports, Hauens, and Towers,
And giu's them Floods and Ebbs at certaine houres.
Which euermore ſhe truly doth obſerue,
Not one momentall minute doth ſhe ſwerue,
Which skilfull Mariners aſwell can tell,
As little babies can their Croſſerow ſpell.

The Moo
the 39. P
the earth

Thence she doth search the Cauerns of the deepe,
Where strange and hydeous monsters vse to keepe.
Hydrippus, *Balena*, and *Hydra* fell,
Gendred by *Cerberus* Porter of Hell,
Hin'dring by vertue their venemous brood,
Drenching their spawne in the brinish flood.
That sayling passengers at their leysure,
Mought safely touch their Porte with pleasure.
She viewes the bottom of the Ocean,
Where neuer walked mortall liuing man.
There beene shell-fishes innumerable,
Armed with scaly-shields impenetrable.
There lies Muscles with Pearles repleniſhed,
Wherewith the Robes of Nymphes beene garniſhed.
There growen the Scallop, Cockle, Welke and Oyster,
The Tortoyse, Creuise, and creeping Lobster,
The Lympet, Sea-snaile, with infinite moe,
Which in the treasury of *Thetis* goe;
All these shee cherisheth, as if they were
The noblest creatures in the highest Sphere.
She giu's them gifts that most of them should yawne,
At each full Sea for comforting their spawne.
And to the sea she giues dayly motion,
To ebbe and flow to voyde corruption.
She giu's her fertill generation,
And perfect Meanes of Vegitation.
So that *Thetis* hath more prouision,
of fish and foule in great diuision:
Then all th'inhabitable Earth can show,
Or skill of mortall man can know.
But all that of the Sea is said, or done,
Is to demonstrate the glorie of the Moone,
For the Seas place and constitution,
Requireth a speciall discourse alone.
And is reserued to his proper place,
So I'le proceede to speake of *Phebes* grace,
And show how she within her Spherick Globe,
Cherisheth great *Tellus* and *Flora's* Robe;

Cotchelling

Cotchelling all things in their infancie,
Till they haue got ſtrength and maturitie.
There is no man, or woman, Art, or Trade,
Nor any thing that mightie *Pan* hath made,
Nor Tree, nor Plant, nor hearbe, nor graſſe, nor flower,
But is maintained by her mightie power.
She ſhewes the Plowman when to ſowe the ground,
To crop, to fell, to haue his timber ſound;
She wizeth Surgeons when to ope a veine;
To eaſe the ſicke, and ſtop it faſt againe.
She ſhowes Phyſitions times neceſſarie,
To purge by Pils, drinke or Electuarie.
To cure Rheums, fluxes, and bodies laxatiue,
To giue a medicine preparatiue,
To giue a vomit, cliſter, or gargariſe:
Marking the ſigne wherein faire *Phœbe* lyes.
Theſe ſacred vertues, qualities diuine,
Do make her wonderfull in ſhepheards eine,
And ſtraine the world to celebrate her name,
With louely Hymnes, and euerlaſting fame.
Thus were the heauens orderly diſpoſed,
By glorious *Pan* as you haue heard diſcloſed.
Yet is *Endymions* taske but now begonne,
When one would think his webbe were wholly ſponne
Vnfold he muſt an other Myſterie,
And anatomize diuine Philoſophie.
How the vaſt ſpace t'wixt heauen and earth was fil'd,
With elementall Spheares as *Ioua* wil'd,
That Emptineſſe might haue no habitation,
Amongſt the workes of Gods creation.
O you Cæleſtiall euer-liuing fires,
That done inflame our hearts with high deſires;
Our Spokes beene blunt, rude, harriſh, vncooth,
Vnable in Myſteries to know the ſooth.
Vnkempt, vnpoliſhed, ignorant lewde,
Vneth with one drop of *Nectar* bedewde.
High are the Myſteries we take in hand,
To diſcuſſe of fire, aier, ſea, and land.

With euery thing therein contained,
And by the wisdome of *Pan* ordeyned.
On bended knee therefore with humble prostration,
Endymion maketh his supplication,
To illuminate th'Eyes of his blinded minde,
The secrets of this lower world to finde,
To discouer them to men vnlettered,
Whose knowledge with Ignorance is fettered.
And hee will sacrifice vnto your shrine,
The fat of Lambes and sweetest Eglantine:
With Garlands of Roses and Gilliflowers,
Hee'l decke and garnishe all your sacred Bowers,
And with his choycest Notes and Roundelayes,
Cause Hil's and Dales to celebrate your praise,
And all the bordring Shepheards shall admyre,
The strange effects of your Cœlestiall Fyre.
The force whereof doth make me to entreat,
Of that which doth adioyne to *Phœbus* seate;
Which is thought to bee the firy Element,
lement Aboue the rest for lightnes excellent,
Most rare and thinne, most hot, yet doth not shine,
Of no colour, yet of qualitie Diuine.
Rounde in Fygure, yet most swiftly moues,
Not of it selfe as *Aristotle* proues:
But by the mightie Agitation,
Of Planets superior in operation.
Next to the Moone in constitution,
Speedie, and swifte in reuolution.
Giuing heate to euery thing compounde,
That hath his being in the lower round.
Not Conspicuous to any mortall Eye
Because of his Thinnes, and Raritie,
Yet burneth and consumeth vtterly,
What so resisteth his flaming Furie.
meteors. Hee worketh straunge Meteors in the Night,
Which shepheards hau'n often in their sight.
By vapors drawne from the heate of the Sunne,
a Meteor. From out the Earthe to *Aers* high Region.

Which

Which vapours (once by this Fyre enflamed)
Expresse strange formes which Meteors are named.
Such as be Comets and the blazing Stars, Comets.
By which some shepheards prognosticate wars.
But certaine they signifie sterilitie,
By reason of the Earth's great siccity,
For want of Shewers and sweet moystening Rayne,
The cause of springing, and growing of Grayne, They Signi
For Comets alwayes in Summer appeere, want of co
When *Ceres* calleth *Aquarius* for Beere.
The shortest Time, that blasing starres remayne, The shorte
Is seuen dayes as Philosophers sayne; and longest
The longest time is dayes foure-score, time that C
(Too long, by so long for *Pierce Plow-mans* store,) mets endur
And then they disolue into Ayre or fire,
As the substance of the vapors require.
Starres of false *Helena*, and Starres flying, Starres of H
Knowne to Marriners in their long sayling, lena.
Are within the Comets comprehended,
And from th'Elemental fire descended.
So *Castor*, and *Pollux*, are to Saylers knowne, *Castor* and
By these their Ruine, or safe tie is shown. *Pollux*.
This Comet sometime lighteth on the Mast,
Thence flyeth to the Sayl's and Tacklings in hast;
Skipping heere and there without certaine byding,
The matter's vnctuous, and must needs be glyding:
And if it appeare before the storme beginne, When that
It foretels the perrils that the Ship is In. Comet is c
Then they call it the starre of *Helena*, led *Helena*,
Hell's Furie, Deaths messenger, fierce *Megara*; when, *Caste*
They waile and wring their wofull hands for greife, and *Pollux*.
They looke for death expecting no reliefe.
But if such Comets fall when stormes are ended,
They say that *Castor* and *Pollux* them defended.
They ioy and reuell vowing Sacrifize,
For life is esteemed the richest prize,
This Comet constraineth the greatest wight The profit w
To magnifie *Pans* majestie and might. reape by thi

Who forewarn's them of dangers imminent,
To make the Saylers wiſe and prouident,
All meanes within board, carefully t'aduiſe,
For dreadfull ſtormes ſhall preſently ariſe.
If ſtormes be ended when they ſee it fall,
It is a Meſſenger vnto them All,
His glorious Name, on knees to magnifie,
That hath preſerued them ſo gratiouſlie.
Such firie vapors often-times are ſeene,
In Church-yards, and places where dead bodyes beene
Buryed, or executed in Summer-time,
In time of peſtilence, or for ſome cryme,
Which Idiot's ſay'n bin dead-mens Ghoſts or Sprights,
Walking thoſe places in the Irke-ſome Nights.
When as no mortall man can be able,
To prooue or defend ſuch ridiculous Fable.
For Shepheards ſayne by naturall reaſon,
That from Bodyes buried in Sommer ſeaſon,
An vnctuos vapour, hot and dry doth riſe,
Which *Phœbus* ſeazeth according to his guiſe,
And doth inflame it in a little ſpace,
Making it tumble vp, and downe the place.
Such fiery vapours, ſometime do abide,
Vpon the bodyes of men that lightly ride,
Or on their horſes-bodyes as they nimbly pace,
Daftly remooving ſeat, from place, to place.
For when men poſt lightly they getten heate,
VVhich being turned to an Oyly-ſweate.
Sends forth dry vapours which the Sunne doth take,
VVhereof he doth a skipping fire make.
For colours which oft in the Welkin ſeeme,
VVhich been firie Meteors as men doe deeme:
They be not very colours in the Skie:
Our eye-ſight fayl's vs looking ſo high;
Theſe haue not the Sunnes Inflamation,
Nor any firy Generation,
But mightie vapours drawne from the Sunne aloft,
Which to vs repreſenten colours oft;

Erie vapors Church-rds and a-ut places of ecution.

olours a-out or a-oue the loone.

circle a-out the loone.

A circling

A circling garland compaſſeth the Moone,
Preſaging windes and Tempeſts riſing ſoone:
Blackiſh in colour, of thicke compoſition,
Shewing the weather by foule diſpoſition.
This is no inflamed fiery Meteor,
But a cloudy, moyſty, darke, thicke vapor.
One bright ſhining circle greateſt of All,
VVhich learned Spephards *Galaxia* call,
A beaten high-way to the Gods Palace,
Glorious, beautifull, full of Solace.
Shyning moſt cleare in a Froſtie Night:
And in the ſtarrie firmament is pight.
Yet is not a vapour, nor meteor we know,
Nor drawne from the Sunne which is farre below.
But ſhineth moſt bright by reſplendant grace,
By the beautie of ſtarres that furniſh the place.
Beſides, ſtarres diſperſed, one hundred and eight,
Starres of Note, of high regard, and weight:
With glorious beames their ſhining diſplay,
And hence it's called the milky-white waye,
And if you will weet what ſtarres they hight,
That maken the Welkin in that place ſo bright:
Lyſten you Shepheards Ile ſet them in order,
As they done garniſh, that circulare Border.
Caſſiopeia hath thirteene ſtarres of Note,
VVherewith ſhe frettizeth her purple Cote.
The ſiluered Swan that dying ſweetly ſings,
Adorn's with twelue ſtarres her beautifull wings.
The ſoaring Eagle bearing *Ioues Ganymed*,
VVith foure Orientall Starres garniſhed.
The hatefull *Scorpion* doth neuer fayle,
Of fiue bright Torches in her poyſoned Tayle.
Sagitarius the Archer bringeth Three,
And the *Centaur* twiſe as many as hee,
Twentie three ſtarres, the noble ſhip of Greece,
Bring's in, as Lamp's to ſpie the golden fleece.
The *Twinn's* eighteene; The *Wagoner* ſeauen,
Perſeus ſeauenteen, to lighten this heauen.

Galaxia a
ſhining wh
path, in the
middeſt o
Heauen in
froſty-nigh

The ſtarre
Note that
maketh *Ca-*
laxia cleere

Caſſiopeia,

Cygnus.

Aquila.

Cauda Scor
onis

Sagitarius.

Centaurus.

Nauis Arg

Gemini,
Aurigæ,
Perſeus.

All

All these Starres maken one hundred and eight,
Bright and conspicuous without deceite.
Sporades also dispersed Starres been,
Confusedly mixing their glimmering Sheen:
These beene the starres that maken so bright,
The welkins broad way which seemeth so white.
Yet not in any sort colour verament,
For no colours hath the starrie Firmament.
Nor is the Rayne-bowe a firie Meteor,
Though there appeare in it colours store,
But is a mystie exhallation,
By great *Phœbus* without inflamation,
After a Shower appearing in the ayre,
Shewing the weather thence foorth to be fayre.
And euer appeareth halfe circlewise,
Opposite to *Phœbus* alwayes doth rise;
Hauing three colours seeming in our eye,
Red, Yellowe, Greene, in the low Region Aerie.
Red highest, as neerest th'Elementall Fyre,
A white waterish Yeallow, next place doth require,
The lowest like Emeraulde, greene as the grasse,
Reflecting such colours to vs (like a Glasse,
Taking the forme as it is obiected,
Presently sending the same forme reflected,
Backe to the Author, and doth not containe,
Any such forme till you showe it againe)
Sometimes a Rayne-Bow sheweth in the night,
After a shower of Colour watrish white,
Not red, nor greene; to the Moone opposite.
Thus glorious *Pan* discouereth his Mighte.
But diuine Shepheards soothly sayen,
In their high Layes with wordes plaine:
That though it be, one thing by generation,
Yt's another thing in contemplation.
Representing to vs all sickerly,
A sealed eternall Testimonie,
That this center of the vniuersall round,
As once it was should not againe be drownde.

rades Stella ersa sine or-

the rayne-w.

ebow in Night.

Nor

Nor cloudy waters hie; Nor Seas belowe,
Should dare presume the earth to ouer-flowe.
But should them holde in their habitation,
That man and beast should haue a quiet Station.
Thus blessed glorious euerlasting Pan,
Safely prouided for the life of man.
Some other things the Philosopers haue named,
That Fitie beene, and are not yet inflamed.
The burning Thunderbolt, the lightning flash,
That Trees, Beasts, and buildings in peeces dash.
Wreaking by fell spite on the world this injurie:
Confounding all things in their spightfull fury,
That mortall wights, takne them for Fiends of Hell,
That in a moment simple creatures quell.
Of so swift and forceable penetration,
Of so sudden motion, and operation,
Yea, of so wonderfull a qualitie,
By reason of their hotte agilitie:
That things incredible by them been done,
As sowring the Wine, and sauing the Tonne;
Breaking the sword not hurting the sheath,
The stemme of an Oke in peeces they wreath.
And vpon the world bring desolation,
Seeming to spoyle the frame of creation.
The fiery whirle-windes which we *Prester* call,
Offearefull wonders exceeden All.
VVhich beene hote dry vapours whirled together,
From th" earth to heauen, no man knowes whither.
In forme of a circled Piller they wend,
And through our Region of th Ayre ascend.
with violent motion making a praye,
Of each loose parcell that stands in their waye.
Gyring and whirling it vp to the skie,
(Some Laundresses seene their lynnen so flye)
Brute beasts at the comming thereof doe crye,
As fearing their immynent ieopardy.
These taken ships out of the Ocean,
And caryen them beyonde the skill of man.

Thund
and lig

whirle
drie P

Letting them fall from the Ayrie region,
To their vtter Ruine and Subuerſion.
Whole Flouds of waters from the bryniſh-ſtore,
Of *Thetis* they ſucke vp for euermore.
Carrying them to the Ayers middle region,
The coldnes whereof ſtoppeth them Anon.
Driuing them downe headlong to the Center,
Not ſuffering them that Region to enter.
So all at once they fall downe ſuddainly,
As a great Mountaine by extremitie.
Drowning whole ſhips vnder-ſayle in their Rage,
For nothing but death may their furie aſſwage.
The profit we get by this conſideration,
Is to haue Gods workes in Admiration,
And to bethinke vs, with what facilitie,
Pan can deſtroy, all humane Hoſtilitie.
And ſo to humble vs vnder his hand,
That free from dangers wee may ſafely ſtand.
Stedfaſtly hoping to ſtand vnreproueable,
As mightie Mountaines vnremooueable.
Now hence muſt we proceed incontinent,
To diſcant of the Ayery Element,
Being ſimple, and ſubtile, thinne, rare, and quicke,
Pierced by groſe ſubſtance, heauie, and thicke:
Capable of all formes and Figures jniected,
VVhererby her body, is often jnfected;
Scituate next to the fire in degree,
By reaſon of his tranſparant Leuitee.
Receiuing Meteors elementarie,
According as aſcending vapours varie.
Affording breath to euery earthly thing,
That openeth mouth, or flyes with feathered wing.
Yea the Fiſhes in the Ocean were dead,
If colde thicke-yce the Ocean ouer-ſpread.
Which ioyeth in Ayres reſpiration,
To keepe the waters from corruption.
For Fiſhes in the deepe beene murdered,
If Ayers refreſhing Gales been hindered.

Hotte and moyſt, by eſſentiall qualitie,
Yet hath a coole-refreſhing propertie.
By reaſon of the waters vicinitie,
Sending forth vapours colde continuallie.
VVhich by the Ayers Agitation,
Are made a temperate reſpiration;
Ayded by the cooling of the breathing winde,
VVhereby this Element is oft refin'de,
And man, and beaſt, and euery thing that liu's,
Is nouriſhed by the temperature it giu's.
And Wormes abandoned from budding trees,
And extreme heate, allayed by degrees.
Thus was this ſplendent Ayrie Element,
Placed by *Pan* with perfect Complement,
Diſtinguiſhed into Regions three,
As bookiſh ſhepheards euidently ſee;
The higheſt next the firie Element,
The middle ſecond's it incontinent:
The loweſt is that ſpace wherein we dwell,
VVhereof great Philoſophers wonders tell.
The firſt is hotte: the middle extreme colde;
The third is temperate for reaſons tolde.
The loweſt Orbe the Fowles doon glorifie,
And with ſweet Notes great *Pan* doe magnifie.
The Eagle, Griffin, Falcon, Marlion,
The Nightingale, and turtle Pidgeon,
The Thruſh, the Lynnet, and mounting Larke,
Beſides the Fowles that flyen in the darke,
The Bittour pyping in a Syrinx Reede,
VVayling that virgins loſſe in mourning weede.
VVith Fowles of Price and worth Innumerable,
VVhere-with great ſtates garniſhen their Table.
Theſe take delight to ſporte them in their Ayre,
Cheefely if *Phœbus* make the Region fayre,
The middle Region's coldeſt in his Place,
For *Phœbus* there yet neuer ſhewed his Face.
VVhich is the cauſe of Sleete, of Hayle, of Snowe,
All which by vertue of this Region growe.

Three ons of Ayre.

The m Regio

The highest Region of the Ayre is hoty
Where all the fiery Meteors are begot.
Being placed next the fiery Element,
VVhich doth inflame with heate that Regiment
The Meteors to the Ayre destinated,
Are simply windes, and Earth-quakes nominated
Included in a vapor others there be,
Which yet are Meteors in their degree.
As stormes, & whirl-windes, and the mightie Thunder,
Rumbling as if heauen would cleaue a sunder.
Windes are vapors included in a Caue,
Whence by *Phœbus* force they issue haue;
And drawne by heate to the mid Region,
(Which is all colde by constitution)
There they would enter, but being expelled,
To be dispersed they are compelled.
To euerie part of this our lower ayer,
Whereby they purge it, And make it soe fayer.
All Merchants and Saylers are highly bound,
To the time when first this Meteor was found.
Two and thirtie windes Maryners finde out,
By which they saylen the round worlde about.
To east and west, Indies fayre *Virginia*,
Guyana, *China*, *Peru*, and *Gynnea*;
And whatsoeuer the Southerne Pole descryes,
VVhat hidde treasure in *America* lyes,
The winds discouer to great *Brittania*,
The noble Empire of old *Albania*;
Another commoditie Shepheards finde,
By the excellent nature of the winde,
When a watry-cloude from the sea is taken,
By the winde it is, all-in-peeces shaken,
And so dissseuered into drops of rayne,
To comfort the withered, and parched plaine:
The scorched-grasse, on the loftie Mountaine,
Reuiu's it selfe and getteth life againe.
For if this watry clowde should whollie fall,
The weight would destroy and ouer-whelme all.

These

These are not winds of monstrous generation,
But naturall windes of gentle inclination.
The earth-quake is a simple Meteor,
Ayrie and vncompounded as before;
An Ayrie vapor, closed in some den,
Or concaue of the earth, remote from men, Earthquake.
Serching for an issue, and finding none,
Beateth vp and downe, seeking to be gone,
But all in vayne, then being fast enclosed,
It shak's the earthe in searching to be losed.
This is the cause of great *Tellus* trembling
(A man in a shaking Feuer resembling)
What future euents it doth prognosticate,
I will not presage, th' effect is intricate.
But if a smale vapor be of that power, The Profit we get by th Meteor.
To shake the whole frame of the earth in one houre,
How may proud man full of infirmitie,
Susteine the furie of the Deitie?
Of the Whirle-windes we haue spoken before,
Neyther will we as now adde any more.
But that they be not Meteors contained,
In the Fire, or Ayre, but to both restrained.
A storme is of a windie propertie,
With force dispersing vapors watery, A stormy-winde.
With great droppes of rayne so beating the place,
As if it would beate the skin off a mans face.
Such fearefull stormes, are hurtfull to the Tree's,
They pinch the Cattell and destroy the Bees,
Beate down the Hearbes, and grasse, & blades of graine,
Wherewith the Shepheards must their flockes sustaine.
The fearefull Thunder must not be forgot,
Of ayerie, and watry vapors begot, Thunder.
Drawne by force to the highest Region,
(where it may haue no perfect Mansion)
Rowleth in the ayer with fearefull sound,
Till water gets issue to moyst the ground.
Then downe it falleth with drops violent,
Therefore be sure it cannot bee permanent.

trie Ele-
nt.

Now comes the watrie Element in hand,
Enuironing round the habitable land,
A bodie moyſt, fluent, circular, and thinne,
Penetrable and colde, containing therein,
Innumerable fiſhes of great varietie,
Differing in magnitude and qualitie.
Continually mooning in forme circular,
About the brim of this earth particular,
The ſubſtance of this Element ouerſpred,
And the bodie of this earth enuironed,
So that the face thereof could not be ſeene,
But hidden lay as if it had not beene,
Till almightie *Pan* this watrie Element,
Gathered togither from the Continent;
Into one vaſte-roome, ſtation and place;
Leauing faire *Tellus* with vnuailed face,
Drie and vnmantled, without viriditie,
Hard and ſolide without humiditie.
Then gan the mountaines of *Armenia*,
Burning *Tartarus*, *Ætna* in *Sycillia*,
Sacred *Olympus*, *Parnaſſus* Crowned
By the *Muſes*, *Hermon* renowned,
Tabor, *Horeb*, euer bleſſed *Syon*,
Sometime *Iehouah's* habitation.
All rocks and hilles though they were farre diſtant,
Appeared eminently at one inſtant.
The Dales and Plaines, and barren Wilderneſſe,
Appeared drie, all voyd of comelineſſe.
For *Flora* yet was hidden in her Bower,
Grinding her colours fit for euerie flower,
Greene, Vitrioll, Violet, Vermilion,
To garniſh vp the Queenes Pauilion.
The ſiluered Ceruſe, and Cuchenella,
The azured Blew and Purpurella,
With theſe colours muſt be enamiled,
The flowers which *Tellus* haue apparelled;
Naked therefore and void of Ornament,
Pan diſcouereth this earthly Element.

And

And these huge waters he diuided so,
That some in Clowds aboue th'earth should go,
That with distilling drops of moystning raine,
Might comfort *Tellus* parched face againe.
The rest might keepe their perfect station,
T'ingender fish, and further nauigation:
He made it of continuall motion,
To keepe the fishes from corruption,
He made it salt aboue for speciall reason,
That it might the slymie fishes season.
In twentie fower howers it ebbs and flow's twise,
Impossible therefore to be ouerflowen with ice.
The cause of this swift agitation,
Is mightie *Phœbes* alteration,
For as she wanes, or doth in light encrease,
So doth the Sea her floods augment, or cease.
The cause of her saltnesse is by accident,
Of *Phœbus* piercing beames so vehement.
Bringing from the Seas foundation,
Drie vapours which by inflamation:
Are burn'd to salt by the heate of the Sunne,
And hence the saltnesse of the Sea begunne;
For waters themselues haue no sauour at all,
But as it comes by cause accidentall.
Hence are ingendred moyst Meteors,
Almightie *Ionah's* strong Ambassadors,
The Mist, the Deaw, the Frost, the hollow Clowd,
That doth the Elementall vapors shrowd.
The Raine, the Snow, the fearefull Haile, the Sleete,
Wherewith in Februarie or March we meete.
The Sleete can neuer in the Summer fall,
For then the middle Region's coldst of all,
The Mist is a vapour which all men knowe
And doth of watrie Exhalations growe,
If it ascendeth before it doth raine,
Of much Raine it is a token certaine,
But if it doth rise when shower is ended,
Fowle weather's gone, and th'aire amended,

What are th[illegible] waters abo[illegible] the earth.

The cause o[illegible] ebbing and flowing.

Saltnesse of the Sea.

Watrie Mete[illegible]ors eight.

The Mist.

It is the matter alſo of the falling Dewe,
Which doth the face of great *Flora* renewe.
And if this vapour be foggie and thicke,
The raine will enſue: then ſpeed away quicke,
If not raine, then ſnow, or haile without doubt:
Shall be the iſſue, therefore looke about,
But if this myſt appeare ſubtile, or thinne,
Then ſhall the ſweete Deawes, or ſharpe Froſts begin.
But in Summer, Deaw: in Winter the Froſt,
Do follow the myſt in euerie coaſt.
The cauſe of the Deaw as Shepherds do finde,
Is Luke-warme breathing of the Southern winde.
The cauſe that hindereth the Deaws generation,
Is the Northren winds cold inflation,
The apteſt times for the Deaw to abound,
Spring, Harueſt, faire-day, when no winds do ſound,
This Meteor worketh mightie effects;
And is high prized for many reſpects,
When hearbs and graſſe are parched and combuſt,
And *Phœbus* burning flames colours them like duſt,
Then comes the Deaw, and doth them recreate:
Making them freſh, virent and fortunate,
The bowels of the beaſts it maketh ſoluble,
And all the graſſe more ſweete and voluble,
A wonder yet here-hence, is collected,
Which ſome Wiſe ſhepheards hau'n obiected.
How *Manna* a Deaw which is hot and drie,
Withering the hearbs and making them die,
And now is taken for purgation:
Should haue a contrarie operation;
And nouriſh th'Iſraelites in the Deſert,
The ſolution is for men expert,
This is wonderfull to a mortall eye,
Yet is no matter in th'Almightie,
The Froſt to vs men moſt profitable,
Though it ſeemeth nothing comfortable,
Is a Meteor watrie amongſt the reſt,
And for mans auaile is not reckned leſt.

Deaw.
The cauſe.
The Hinderance.
Fitteſt time for Deaw.
The effects of Deaw.
Manna a wõderfull deaw.
The Froſt.

Of a thinne watrie vapour is ingendred,
Which to the wintrie Aire ſoone is tendred.
And by the ſame, in cruſtie Pearles concreate,
Falles on the graſſe, and pincheth vitall heate,
It cruſheth and abateth *Floras* pride,
Stripping her naked, as a naked bride:
Spoyling her flowers, diſcolouring her greene.
Impriſoning her as if ſhe were no Queene;
All theſe be diſcommodities I trowe,
Obſerue the commodities which doe growe
By this Meteors vertue, and qualitie,
Which grow'n by his forces abundantly.
All hurtfull wormes in the earth it doth kill,
And all noxious humors in the bodie ſpill:
Theſe are the benefits which *Pan* doth giue
To a colde froſt, that mortall man might liue.
The name of a Clowde is ſo commonly knowne,
That labour is loſt if more ſhould be ſhowne:
For it is a vapour moyſt, groſſe, eleuate,
By *Phœbus* force to the Region ſcituate
In the middſt of the Aire: where being compact,
By the colde circle till it be ranſact
by *Phebus* heate: ſo moyſtned againe,
Is ſqueezed into a ſhower of raine,
As a Sponge in water deeply ſunken,
Vntill it hath the whole moyſture drunken:
If with force of hand you ſqueeze it ſuddainly,
Water from ſundrie parts thereof will fly:
Raine is an iſſue from a Clowde watrie;
By drops diſcending from a Region ayrie:
(The middle Region of that Element)
To moyſten this habitable Continent.
Where man and beaſt receyuen nouriſhment,
And *Flora* makes her mantle orient.
When a moyſt vapour thicke eleuated,
And by the colde Region macerated,
Deſcendeth downe vpon the earth belowe,
It is then called a Meteor of ſnowe.

It killeth wormes hurtfull humours.

This Clo compare a Spunge.

Raine.

The drops that done fall, reſemble a feather;
Not as rain's round drops contracted together,
The feathered flakes diſperſed are bound,
To couer the lower circulare round.
Shepheards at this time fodderen their flocke,
With the prouiſion of the Sommer ſtocke.
Boyes ſetten Lime-twigs, and diggen pit-falles
Watching hungrie Birds behind trees and walles:
Which comming thither, for food, vnawares,
Are tangled in lyme, or taken in ſnares;
Shepheards weare Freezes, and Ladies vſe furs,
To keepe them from Rewmes, Catars, and cold Murs;
Snow water Huſ-wiues at euerie turning,
Saue in a glaſſe gainſt ſcalding or burning.
So farre is the ſnow from doing of harme,
That rootes of trees, corne and graſſe, it keepes warme;
As with a mantle the earth it enfoldes,
Preſeruing the ſame from violent coldes.
It fattons the Fallow as Shepheards reheart ſe,
Mellowing the ridges, for Coulters to pearſe.
In the higheſt mountaine and frozen hill,
Snow gendreth Criſtall and ſhyning Berrill.
Thus is ſnow not the meaneſt ornament,
For vs that in the earth are reſident.
The haile is reckoned as a mightie curſſe,
Making all worldly creatures much the worſſe.
And in Sommer ſeaſon is ingendred,
When graſſe and corne is chiefly tendred.
The reaſon why it is hard compacted,
Is becauſe it hath his cold contracted.
For when it came to the middle region,
He found it colder in diſpoſition
Then it was wont to be; becauſe the heate
Of *Phœbus* beames, doth now more ſtrongly beate.
Which when it cannot beare, it gathereth round,
It ſelfe, leaſt *Phœbus* ſhould his force confound.
And ſo diſſolue it into raine, or ſleete,
To do ſome good: for which haile is not meete.

e-twigs.
w-water.
vtilitie
ow.
w gen-
h Cri-
le.
e reaſon of
le in Sum-
r and not
Winter.

Thete-

Therefore round, colde, and hard, it doth diſcend,
Of purpoſe princely *Flora* to offend.
" For there can be no perfect conuenience,
" Twixt noble Nature and maleuolence.
Vpon her fruits it makes intruſion,
Beating in peeces with confuſion,
The buds of trees, the hearbs, the corne, the flowers,
Which *Tellus* kept for *Floras* Paramours.
There is no watrie Meteor in the Ayre,
But is profitable and debonaier,
Except this crabbed and furious haile,
That fiercely our nouriſhment doth aſſaile,
For ſleete is not ſo forcible or ſtrong,
To doe Dame *Flora* and her Babies wrong.
Diſcending in March, or in Febtuarie,
When *Phœbus* ſhews his burning Inminarie,
But here ſome may a queſtion propound,
Requiring a Philoſopher profound,
Why is the Ayres middle Region,
Coldeſt in the burning Sommer ſeaſon?
And in the Winter time more temperate,
Raine (and not haile) fitter to generate?
Anſwere. Two contraries doe alwayes flie,
The one from the other naturally,
So when it is extreame hotteſt weathet,
The cold collecte th his forces together,
And keepes himſelfe cloſe in his owne defence,
Leaſt heate ſhould ſurprize or expell him thence.
Then is he colder then he was before,
Hauing abundance of coldneſſe in ſtore.
But if that heate be from him deuided,
His force is diſſolued: Our poynt decided.
Now is the diſcourſe of the water ended.
And the ſhepheard to the earth diſcended:
The Centre of the whole vniuerſall,
Whoſe circumference is Emperiall,
Whoſe bodie is round wholy conſidered,
Though of other forme in peeces ſeuered.

Sleete.

Sleet alw
in Febru
or March
neuer in
cember.
A queſtio

Anſwer.

Earthly E
ment.

Colde, and dry by naturall propertie,
Seated permanent, on her Axeltree,
Æquallie ſtanding, no way declyning,
Solid, and heauier, not bright, or ſhyning,
Full of Creatures of Diuine Excellence,
Gracing high *Pans* might and magnificence.
The mother of all groſſe, and heauie things
That grow, creepe, or goe, or fly'n with wings;
(Fynnie footed fowles excepted, and fiſhes,
VVhich ſeruen for *Thetis* banquetting diſhes)
Although their might ariſe ſome difference,
VVhether Sea, or Land, hath the preheminence.
For fethered fowles firſt Generation,
Which in the ſeas haue propagation.
For that Sea-fowles, as Shepheards vnderſtand,
Layen, and hatchen, their eggs on the land,
And alſo neuer to Saylers appeare,
But it is certaine ſome Yland is neere;
Yt ſeemes, I might conclude in generall,
Tellus is mother of Fowles vniuerſall.

arth, A mother adorned with vertues excellent,
er of all In Action, Paſſion, and habit, different,
tures From all other Elements ſupernall,
in. The Center of Creation-naturall;

ath 7. Hauing ſeuen rare, ſpeciall properties,
erties, of Whereof each-one a Mother glorifies:
od Mo- Fruitefull, Good, Neuer-weary, Patient,
or wife. Moſt Conſtant, Faithfull, liberally-bent.

1 Fruitfull, alwayes parturient, and teeming,
VVhat heauenly Forces, beget to our ſeeming.
Shee dayly produceth, and bringeth to light.
Shee's alwayes with childe, in winters deſpight.

2 Good of nature, and kinde by creation,
To all her Babyes, by generation.
Cheriſhing them all in their infancie,
Till they may ſhift for themſelues hanſomlie.

3 Neuer wearie of worke, ſtill dooing well,
Cheerefully viewing, each place of her Cell.

Swathe-

Swathing, and Bathing, well the tender Limmes,
Of all her yonglings, and with butter Trimmes,
The chafed Places of their Fylmy-skinne,
Curing their Bodies without and within.
Patiently suffring sclaunderous words,
VVhich wounden the mind more deeper then swords.
She suffereth worldings, to spit in her face,
To disgorge, to trample, spurne, and disgrace,
To wound with ploughing, where they liken best,
To search her bowels, her belly, her brest;
To steale her iewels, and deepe hidden treasure,
Both for necessitie, and for pleasure.
Constant, not wauering, alwaies the same,
Immooueable, keeping her glorious Frame.
Faithfully sauing, what to her you tender,
Vntill you require her the same thing to render.
If wheate you deliuer, wheat shall you receiue;
Shee meanes not with Darnell, your Barne to deceiue.
If gold you deliuer, then golde shall you finde,
For *Tellus* beareth, a most faithfull minde.
But if you will speake of her liberall plentie,
For one Corne of Graine you shall receiue twentie.
VVhen all thy friends thy body haue forsaken;
Then marke the Earth what she hath vndertaken.
A body dead, stinking, corrupt, impure,
VVhose stench and gastly-view none can endure,
Opening her wombe, she takes it in againe.
And keep's it safe from *Plutos* fierie traine.
Rendring't againe in shining puritie:
From putrifaction to immortalitie.
Obserue thou well her qualities diuine:
And by immitation make them all thine.
For further must my wearied Pipe assay,
By part's, her hidden treasures to display.
Shewing the glorie of her blessed face,
Her breast, her wombe, and euery secret place.
Arcadian Orpheu make my musicke able,
To annatomize Mysteries vnspeakable.

Τίφὸς τρι
σκει τὸ Σ
τὸν δὲ Ν
λόγος.

The coueri
of the earth
called Tel

Hearken great *Cynthia* how *Enterpe* ſings
Of *Tellus* Mantle, which ſweet *Flora* brings,
Of colour greene with flowers entercheckt:
By curious skill of princely Architect.
With hearbs, and Plants, and graſſe for euery beaſt,
Tapiſtred with Foules, and beaſts comely dreaſt.
Now hath Queene *Tellus* put her Mantle on,
Flora tryumphing in her Paragon,
She deckes her Queene with Roſes white and red,
Muske and ſweet Roſes in *Damaſco* bred.
Fragrant Gilliflowers and Carnation,
Enamiled with pure Vermilion,
The purple Violet, and Columbine,
The ſilu'red-flower of ſweete Eglantine,
The Daſie, Cow-cup, ſweet ſmelling-Walflower,
The Flower de Luce: the Raine-bows Paramour,
The whiteſt Lillie, and the Daffadill,
The Paggle, and the bleſſed Pimpermill:
The Marygolde, and partie coloured Pinke:
The Paunſey, and the Hearts-eaſe, as Shepheards think
With others infinite in uariation.
Differing in colour, forme, and creation,
With Sauour, and odoriferous ſmell:
Refreſhing the braine, as Ladies can tell,
The Gilliflower ſtriketh admiration,
To Shepheards marking her creation.
Marking the Subſtance whereof it is framed,
The different forme whereby it is named,
The precious colour wherewith it's varniſhed
And the ſweet ſauour wherewith it's garniſhed.
Beſides the flowers which in the Mantle been,
Diuerſitie of hearbs, and Plants, are ſeene.
VVherewith our Ladies, curen Maladies:
Sauing our Bodies, from extremities,
Theſe doon fayre Ladies, in their Gardens Plant,
As in a ſtore-houſe, to ſupply their want.
The Sage, the Baſill, and the Lauender,
The bitter Worme-wood, Rue, and Germander,

The

The louely Veruin, Balſam, Sauory,
The Smaladge, Liuer-wort, and Centorie,
The Eye-bright, and the powerfull Celedony,
The Camomill, head-purging Betony:
Bloodwort, Muggwort, Harteſtrong, and Patience,
Parcelye, Penny-Reall, for ingredience,
Leaues of Violets, Strawberries, Succory,
Endiue, Time, Bugloſſe, Spanniſh Pellitory,
Margerom-gentle, Spikenard, Southern-wood,
Burnet, Burrage for Claret Wine good.
Sauen and Spurge, for ſtrong purgation,
Hurtfull to womens generation;
Clary, Dragans, bleſſed Angelica,
Holy Thiſtle, and Indian Tobacca.
Featherfew, Knot-graſſe, and Mayden Heare,
The breſt and Longs, from Phlegme cleare.
Speremit, Playntaine, and faire Erimony,
Spinage, Coſtmary, for a Timpany.
Sparage, Beares-foote, and Oculus-Chriſti:
Whoſe black-ſeedes, Purgen eyes, dimme and Miſtie:
Eight or ten, of theſe ſeedes, put in thine eye.
VVill runne, vp to the eye lids Immediately:
Not grieuing the eye, or hindring the ſight,
And there will they worke till they haue made bright,
And purged the eye, from all corruption:
Then full of white ſlime, will drop out alone.
Beſides theſe Hearb's, beene Trees innumerable,
Some bearing fruite, of taſte delectable,
And ſome for ſtately buildings, profitable,
Whereof men maken Shippes Nauigable.
It were a matter hard and intricate,
Orderly of each, to particulate,
But theſe were all made, for mans ſuſtentation,
Or elſe of purpoſe, for his recreation,
And on the face of mightie *Tellus* ſtand,
Admirable workes of *Pans* powerfull hand.
The loftie Cædar, and Sable Cypreſſe,
Threatening the welkin, with his mounting Treſſe.

The admi
ble vertues
the Herbe c
led *Oculus*
Chriſti.

Trees.

Sweete

Sweet ſmelling Firre, and Saxifrace,
VVhich men venerous, done highly grace.
Beſides their ſmell yeeld Turpentine,
Profitable Pitch, and richeſt Rozine,
The builders Oake, and Plough-mens Aſhen tree:
Princes, and Souldiers, regard in their Degree.
The weeping Elme, the Beech, the Byrch, the Playn,
Haue vertues rare, and were not made in vaine.
For fruitfull Trees, that beene commodious,
Are ſo well known, that it were tedious
To recken them in order ſeuerally,
For it is thought fond in Philoſopy,
To prooue a thing by demonſtration,
That none denies, or needs probation.
So many fruites of bleſſed qualitie
Doth *Pan* prouide for mans neceſsitie.
That would the minde of mortall men amaze;
No Pamphlet, but huge volumes muſt them blaze;
VVe know, we haue, we vſe, we taſte, we eate:
The vertue, tree, the leafe, the fruite, the meate:
Now muſt *Endymion* dreſſe himſelfe to ſing,
Of beaſts, of Fowles, Of euery creeping-thing.
Of Bees, of Waſpes, of Hornets, and of Flyes,
VVhich *Pan* made not: But of corruption riſe.
Wilde, feirce, raging beaſts garniſhen her Robe:
And with varietie diaper her Globe;
The roaring Lyon, and dreadfull Tyger,
The ſtrange Hyena, and fearefull Panther,
Armed Rhinoceros, the vgly Beare,
The precious Vnicorne, whoſe horne is deare.
The Ermine, Leoparde, Martin, and Sable,
VVhoſe princely skins beene rich and marchantable
Rich Luzerns, white and blake, Foxe, Mineueer,
Elke, and Bugle, Budge, and the ſwift Reine Deer,
Gemps; Shamoys, Roe-bucke; and the ſtately Hart;
The VVolfe, The Squirill iumping by Art.
From tree to tree, with that dexteritie,
As makes men wonder her celeritie.

lyon, Tygre,
hyena, Pan-
ther,
Rhinoceres,
Beare, Vni-
corne, Ermine
Leopard, Mar-
tin, Sable,
white
Luzerns and
Foxe. blacke.
Mineueer,
Elke, Bugle,
Budge, Bucke,
Gemps, Sha-
moys, Harte,
Wolfe, Squir-

The ſiluered white, blacke and gray Coney;
Good for the Houſe and ſparing of money.
The skinnes of theſe beaſts beene profitable,
Highly prized and to Marchants ſalable.
The Vrchin & the quilled Porpentine;
Are good for medicine as the greaſe of Swine.
Th' emparked nimble Deere Red and fallowe,
Making hornes to Sound, and Hunters hallowe.
Light footed Hare a Game for mighty Kings,
At whoſe Purſute, The Faery Eccho ſings:
Redoubling twiſe, or thriſe, the merry Soundes,
Of hallowing Knight, ſhril-horne, & chaũting hoũdes.
The craftie Badger, the Watry Otter
Whome Hownds purſue, till they hauen got her
Theſe Beaſtes been of higheſt Regard and Price
To pleaſure Princes and to murder vice.
Wilde Apes, and Monkies with the Marmezite
Wherein our noble Ladies Done delight.
The Rammiſh filthie ſtiuking Babioun,
That lewde Mountie-banks leaden vp and downe,
To make of fond people, a great concourſe,
(A notable bayte for Perkin-Pickpurſe.)
Theſe been all wilde, and yet of great eſteeme,
Though ſome of theſe later, as tamed ſeeme.
The Pole-catte, and wilde-catté, the Weezle, & Stoate,
Are wilde, yet diſcribed in great *Tellus* Coate.
The Muske-Catte for Ciuet, and the Dormouſe,
Damn'd Rats, and vilde-Miſe, the plague of a houſe.
Flora's ſworne-foe, the Mould-warpe, or Wante,
Subuerting the Corne, the graſſe and the Plant:
Spoyling the Medow's and the Paſture ground,
With infinite Hillocks, rayſed vp round,
Out of the earth, caſt vp with her Noſe,
Neither is ſhe blinde, as many ſuppoſe.
Theſe beene *Floras* foes, ſcarce worth the naming,
On whome no wiſe Man, beſtowes the taming.
Beſides ſauadge Beaſtes there been domeſticall,
Seruing for mans vſe, as friendes naturall,

Cone
Vrchin
Porpen
Deer.
Hare.
Badger,
Apes,
kies, Ma
zite.
Babioun
Polcat,
cat, Wee
Stoate.
Muske-c
Dormou
Rats, Mi
Mold-wa
Not blin
Tam

The friendly Elephant, powerfull, and Strong:
Armed with Tushes, of Yuorie long,
Sharpe, solide, and of mightie quantitie,
Wherewith he macerates his enemie.
With these, the haughtie *Porus* of *India*.
Fronted *Alexander* of *Macedonia*.
These breaken rankes of the great *Battalia*:
These feare not the Cannons of *Romania*.
These carrie mightie Castles of lightest wood
Vpon their backes, to make their parties good:
Wherein some twelue or thirteene armed men,
May vse their Armes, and one too good for ten:
One may rule him, with a twisted thread,
So wise is he, and hath his lesson read:
I say one man, this mightie beast, may guide,
Being the King of all the Babes of pride.
The fierce and warlike horse, which *Chiron* bred,
And princely *Hector* often nourished:
Whose fierie eyes done threaten blood and death,
Whose furious Nosethrils smoken flaming breath,
Whose crest is Proude, loftie, thinne, halfe circled,
Whose Mane with siluer lockes, his necke doth spred,
Whose eares beene short, and pricked neere do stand,
As if some mightie battaile, were in hand:
Little, and short, and thinne is his visage,
His nosethrils wide, his teeth in equipage,
Whose foaming mouth bends to his stately brest,
Scorning the foe-mans Lance in armed rest:
Champing the Bit, and trampling with his feete,
Crushing the fierie stones amid the streete.
Broad breast, straite backe, large and spacious,
Couragious, nymble, soone check, and gracious,
Broad-buttocks, long-taile, cleane-legs, Pastorns-short,
Like great *Bucephalus* in Greekish Fort.
Round-bellied, not grosse, nor gaunt, footlocks hairie,
Proude in his trot, not cutting, faint or wearie.
Barbed in steele with rich caparison,
Fit for the God of warre to mount vpon.

O how he glorieth in the bloodie fight:
At Trumpetters dreadfull ſound to ſhew his might.
Looke how he bites and ſtrikes on euerie ſide,
To ſhew the glorie of th' *Hippoian* pride.
But when great *Caſar*'s mounted on his backe,
He breakes the ſquadrons like *Ioue*'s thunder-cracke:
Diſordereth rankes, Launces knapping in ſonder,
Witneſſe *Sidneyan*-Knight of *Albanias* wonder.
High *Ioue* beſtowed him for an ornament,
To make a mortall man more excellent.
He knowes, he lou's, He markes his maſters voice,
A ſtranger cannot make him to reioyce:
But you ſhall heare him laugh after his kinde,
If he but chaunce his maſters perſon winde.
The ſtately Camell, ſwift Dromedarie
That Merchants goods done ſpeedily carrie:
The Spaniſh Iennet glorious in his pace,
Th' Iriſh Hobbie of a ſtately grace.
The Scottiſh Nagge of ancient Galloway,
That nimbly knowes to runne and pace his way.
Englands Paulfrey our Engliſh Ladies pleaſe,
To go their iournyes, and returne at eaſe.
The Turkiſh horſe of *Pegaſus* diſcended,
Charlemaine hath mightily commended:
The Mule, the Aſſe, the Lawyers doe maintaine,
Their Clients cauſe ſoftly to entertaine:
For courſing Nagges are not for men of ſtate,
To mount and mannage cauſes intricate.
The Oxe, the Cowe, the Sheepe, the Goat, the Cat,
That murders in the night the Mouſe and Rat.
The fawning Dog full of ſagacitie,
Excelling in ſenſe and capacitie.
The hardie Maſtife, and nimble Grey hound,
The ornament of *Floras* bleſſed round,
Whoſe vſe we know, the Hart doth feare his might,
The ſquatting Hare doth tremble at his ſight.
The noble chaunting Hound with pleaſing throat,
With bace and treble, meane, and tenor note.

Camell
medary
Spaniſh
Iriſh
Gallow
Nagge,
Engl: I
Turkiſh
Mule. A
Oxe, C
Sheepe,
Catte,
Dogge,
Maſtif:
hound.
Hown

Warbling his voice, making the horne to ſound,
Orderly tunes t' immortilize the Hound:
Quicke ſenting Spannell, fit for Princelie game,
To pearch the Pheaſant, and rare Birds of name.
To ſet the Heath-cocke, Partrich and the Quaile,
The Snype, the VVoodcocke, and the dainty Raile.
To ſerue the Spar-hawke, Faulcon and Laneret,
The Goſſe-hawke, Ger-faulcon and young Eglet.
The Marlyon, Hobby, Hawkes of ſwifteſt wing,
VVhich many pleaſures vnto Ladies bring.
Deſerueth praiſe of the beſt fluent Pen,
That euer wrote the benefits of men.
The Spannell for the water and the land,
That all their Maiſters rules doon vnderſtand,
To couch, to retriue, and to range the field,
Of purpoſe, game to ſpring, and ſporte to yeilde:
And of their Maſters ſeeke none other gaines,
But comfortable words for wearie paines.
How may my pen theſe Spanniels commend
Whoſe qualities are ſuch as haue no end?
If thou wilt ſeeke a conſtant faithfull friend
In life and death, thy bodie to defend
Walking and running by thy Horſes ſide,
Scorning all dangers that may thee betide
Being a faithfull and true Companion
In ioy, and wofull deſolation
Whome neither change, or ſad calamitie,
Nor raging famine, or aduerſitie,
Nor naked ſtate, or pyning pouertie:
Can make to ſhunne, or leaue thy company:
Then take thy Dogge: or finde thou ſuch another,
Let him be thy neareſt kinſ-man or Brother
Or conuerſe with thee all daies of thy life
(Except thy deareſt Mother, or thy wife)
And take for thy paines, if I be contrould,
The fatteſt Lambe conteyned in my fould.
The Tumbler a Dogge of rare quallitie,
To furniſh the Kitchin abundantly,

With

VVith Connyes in a Warren ſuddainly,
Surpriſing with Arte ſo cunningly
The ſilly Connyes before they be aware,
That the beholders thinke it wondrous rare.
This Dogge deſerueth commendation
As a wonder of *Pans* creation.
The little Spannell in the Ladies lappe, The Ladies Spannell.
Is bleſt with extraordinarie happe,
Feeding and lodging in that Princely place,
That whilom did renowmed *Hector* grace.
Young louing Lords doe wiſh, it were their Doome
A little while to take their Spannels Roome.
Now muſt *Endimion* make the world acquainted,
With Serpents, and wormes which *Flora* painted Serpents.
Vpon the face of *Tellus* Manſion
Where nature ſhewes her deepe inuention.
The fearefull Crocadil, and Scorpion,
The flying Dragon from the Dungeon
Of *Neſſus* ſpringing: the poyzoned viper,
The Snake, the Slowe-worme, and the Adder,
The monſtrous Cerberus, and Hydra venemous,
The Cocatrice, of ſight ſo perrilous.
The creeping Dragon and the ſwelling Toade,
The Neught, the Swift, lurking in the Roade,
The Aſpe couering herſelfe in high-way duſt,
Whome carefull paſſengers will hardly truſt.
Theſe Serpents been of great deformitie
Yet excell all other in Subtilty.
Of great force, and incredible furie,
Of great fore-ſight to preuent iniurie,
Capitall enemies to Mortall man,
And he to them by all the meanes he can.
Except the Lizzard a Serpent admirable, Lyzard.
Of colour greene, to man Amiable.
Before him running on a little ſpace,
Delighting herſelfe to beholde his face.
VVell watching the place, where a man doth ſleepe,
Guarding his bodie doth him ſafely keepe.

From other Serpents which would him deuoure,
As he careleſſe ſleepeth in *Floras* bower.
mandar. The Salamander liuing in the fire,
The greateſt Phyloſopher may admire.
rmes. For ſeely wormes and other creeping things
Which of corrupt putry faction ſprings.
By theſe doth *Phiſis* ſhew her Deitie,
In framing them with ſuch varietie.
In Number infinite, and in qualitie
Surpaſſing the Serpents excellency:
h-worms. The Oyle of Earth-wormes mightily preuailes,
Againſt the Gowte, that humane ioynts aſſailes.
dman. The ſhelled Dodman, and white, and blacke Snaile,
iles. Ioynt-eating Fellon, cureth without fayle.
ow-wormes The Glowe-worme ſhining in a frosty night,
Is an admirable thing in Shepheards ſight.
catch fiſh. Twentie of theſe wormes put in a ſmall Glaſſe,
Stopped ſo cloſe that no iſſue doe paſſe;
Hang'd in a Bow-net and ſuncke to the ground,
Of a Poole, or Lake, broad, and profound:
Will take ſuch plentie of excellent fiſh,
As well may furniſh an Emperors diſh.
But of all creatures, which nature did forme
lke-wormes Of this kinde is th' admirable Silke-worme,
Whoſe daintie webbe doth cloath potentates,
Kinges, Queenes, Princes and Magiſtrates:
All princely Ladies celebrate her fame,
Shining in glorie of the Silke-wormes frame.
This might abate, the glorie of humane pride,
Since a poore Silke-worme hath it magnified.
Why boaſteſt thou thy ſhining Satten Sute?
Is't not a part of the Caterpillers mute?
Her forme, her life, her foode, her worke, her end,
Doct. *Muffets* By Doctor *Muffet* is eloquently pen'd.
booke of the The Spyder next in contemplation,
ilke-worme. Excellent in her operation.
ider. 'Mong'ſt creeping things, is numbred in her kinde,
Though ſhe haue power, to beare a hatefull minde.

To

To vitall heate, and healthfull mans eſtate,
Becauſe colde poyſon, ſhe doth generate.
Yet if you marke her compoſition,
And view her vertuous diſpoſition,
To ſucke from Earth the fell deadly poyſon,
That ſo corrupteth natures bleſſed foyzon:
And with her feete weaueth a daintie Net,
To ſhew that Ladies webbes beene counterfet:
If with her ſmalleſt threds they beene compared,
So rare, ſo thinne, ſo excellently ſhared.
Marke how in her, Dame nature ſhew's her Art,
Tryumphing in her worke in euery Part.
And tell me then, if all the world beſide,
Bee not meere-bunglers vnto Natures pride.
Mount little Piſmire, from thy hollow caue, Piſmire.
Thy turne com's next, thine honor ſhalt thou haue,
Sith mightie *Pan* within his ſacred Layes, Prou. 6.
Did make thee rowze, the Sluggard from his wayes.
How dooſt thou labour in the Summer ſeaſon,
When Butter-flyes done range voide of Reaſon. Butterfly.
Through graſſie Meades ſhewing their painted coate,
Scorning the VVinters blaſts as lightеſt Moate.
But when fell *Boreas* ſhew's his Ghoaſtly face,
They pine, they ſterue, they die, gone is their grace,
Their winges beene worne, no meate to liue vpon,
Repentance comes too late, Time's paſt, tis gone.
Thou, thou art appointed a Schoolemaſter,
To retchleſſe, careleſſe, Ryotous-waſter.
In Summer time, thou lay'ſt thy limmes to worke,
Noe idle perſon, in thy Caue doth lurke,
Thou packeſt vp thy ſtrawes for winter fewell,
Eſteeming warm'th, and meate, a princely Iewell.
Thou filleſt thy Barnes, and Garners with thy Corne,
when beggers dye for colde, for food, forlorne.
Nature tryumpheth in thy bodies Frame,
Thy ſmall compacted limmes, witneſſe the ſame.
Who vieweth but the Piſmires little head. The Piſmi
And ſees the Organs therein contained, head.

Her little mouth to apprehend her meate,
Her tongue to taste, her throte hollow and neate,
To swallow downe the iuyce of what she takes:
Her hot stomacke which good digestion makes.
Her lower parts egesting excrements,
Her nimble legs with other complements:
One ioint to another soundly compacted,
Orderly couched, no way distracted:
Her wit to discerne when Sommer begins,
Presaging foule weather or euer she lins,
Or leaues her worke for herselfe and her traine:
With labour seeking her house to maintaine.
e Pismires Her orderly care to burie her dead,
rie their Some carrying the feete, some other the head.
d. To a place remote from her habitation,
T'avoid the stench of mortall contagion.
Who vieweth these things, must greatly admire,
The noble vertues of the little Pismire,
What shall I sing more? The least creeping thing,
he Flea, the Brings admiration to a mightie King.
use. The skipping Flea, and the poore beggers louse,
May make a wonder in a Princes house:
Viewing their mouthes, their bodies and legges,
In eating their meat, and laying their egges.
wles. *Floras* rich mantle was fretiz'd with Fowles,
Which Shepheards haue discribed in their rowles:
And now enioyning poore *Endymion*,
As plaine song for his Pipe to warble on:
Birds of pray for our meane capacitie,
Deouring Birds of great rapacitie.
Then smaller Birds that are of lower size;
That gentle Ladies rate of higher prize,
Must be the tenor of the shepheards song,
Though wearied voyse cannot endure long:
gle. Higu soaring Eagle Empiring and bolde,
The shining face of *Phœbus* to beholde.
In the Ensigne of victorious Emperours,
Impressed; flying as great conquerours;

Of all furious birds, ſhe beareth princely ſway,
Woe to yong Lambs that commen in her way.
The Phænix bred in great *Arabia*, The Phœ
(A countrie knowne to mightie *Cynthia*)
Of golden colour and rare qualities,
Who liuing alwayes chaſt, ſhe burning dies.
Two of theſe Birds the world cannot containe,
From bird to worme, from worme to bird againe.
Vſing no act of generation,
As egges vſed for procreation.
But fire onely for priuation,
Whence muſt proceede the Birds corruption,
And then behold an alteration.
Which deſeruеth admiration:
The Aſhes yeelden forth a creeping worme,
Which Time doth cauſe to take the Phænix forme.
Hereby ſome learned Shepheards highly ſcan, The viſt.
The reſurrection of a mortall man,
To be as poſſible out of the ground,
As, of a worme a Phænix to be found.
The Griffin halfe a bird, and halfe a beaſt, Griffin.
Strong arm'd with mightie beak, tallents, & creaſt,
Making an armed man his Euening pray,
The mounting Eagle onely doth him fray.
The monſtrous Vulture, *Promethеus* tormentor, Vulture.
(Of fire naturall the firſt inuenter)
Mercileſſe, not ſparing in his furie,
To offer harmeleſſe creatures iniurie.
The Oſtrich of deuouring qualitie, Oſtrich.
Oxe-footed, broad beak'd, huge of quantitie,
And of incredible ceteritie,
And yet of groſſe and ponderous grauitie.
Not able to mount, but holpen by her wings,
Great admiration to the hunters brings:
Diſgeſting ſteele, and breathing firie fumes,
Yet ſhe adornes our Gallants with her plumes.
The ſpoyling Goſſ-hawke not ſo good for ſport, Goſſ-hawke.
As fit to feed an armie in a Fort.

on,
ulcon.
ill.
ret.
ier, Mul-
baſtard
ke.
lion.
by.
hawke.
ket.
rell.
e.
zzard.
ngtaile.
auen.
angerous
r the eyes.

The Faulcon, and Ierfaulcon for pleaſure,
Are accounted for a Princes treaſure:
Terſcell, Tarcell-gentle, and Laneret,
The Lanner, baſtard Muller, Malleret,
The princely Sagar, and the Sagaret,
Which Baſtard-Hawkes, Faulconers can hardly get,
The thrice renowmed noble Marlion,
Which Ladies vſe for recreation,
The long-wing'd Hobbie for the mounting Larke,
Fit for young eyes the towring game to marke.
The Iriſh Sparhawke to follow ſlender game,
Deſerues with Hawkes to regiſter her name:
In Winter time the Musket at a buſh,
Will ſerue ſhepheards to maze a ſimple Thruſh:
The Kiſtrell if he be well managed,
For ſwiftneſſe will not be diſparaged:
The Coward Kite fitteſt to ceaze the Mouſe,
To gurmandize young chickens from thy houſe.
She ſerues to take the garbage from the field,
Leaſt putrifaction might infection yeeld.
The Buzzard moſt hurtfull to thy warren,
With ſpoyle of Rabbets making it barren,
Deſerueth not ſo much to be hated,
If he were to gaming animated.
The Ring-taile eke will truely kill her game,
If cunning hand and wit her nature tame.
The Rauen (ſome ſay) if ſhe be cicurated,
Deſerues in ſome ſort to be nominated:
But take thou heed of all the Birds that flyne,
The Eagle and Rauen will ſtrike out thine eyne:
Preuent it therefore, leaſt it come to paſſe,
And arme thy face with ſpectacles of glaſſe.
The ſiluer ſtringed ſweet ſounding Virginall,
Without the Rauens quils is ruſticall.
To write the Roman hand, and Secretarie,
The Rauens Pen is found moſt neceſſarie.
Thus for ſuppoſed inconuenience,
Her feathers yeeld young Ladies recompence:

And

And ſome commoditie doth ſeeme to grow,
By the noyſome deuouring carion Crow. Crow.
To cleanſe the ſtreets neare to thy manſion,
Of ſtinking carions corruption.
The Rooke, the Chough, the Daw, may be forborne, Rooke, Chough, Daw.
Which feede not of the carion but of corne.
The partie-coloured chattering Mag-pie, Mag-pie.
Gorgeth herſelfe vpon impuritie.
Learned *Drayton* hath told Madge-howlets tale, Michael D
In couert verſe of ſweeteſt Madrigale. tons Owl
She whoops at all the World in froſtie night,
Blazing the ſinnes wherein it takes delight.
The Bat and ſhe doth take their recreation, Bat.
If *Phœbus* be in declination.
The Owle, banquets with Chickens at her feaſt, To ſee as
The Bat delights herſelfe with Bacon beſt. by night a
If you will ſee as cleare by night as day, day.
Annoynt your eyes with blood of Bats they ſay.
But daunce not thou after *Albertus* Fiddle,
Till thou canſt better vnderſtand this Riddle:
For of this poynt Shepheards warne thee before,
Eyes ſo annoynted ſhall neuer ſee more.
The Kings-fiſher laboureth in her kinde, Kings-fiſh
With her breaſt oppoſite againſt the winde,
To ſeaze the fiſhes ſpawne, and little frie,
That heedleſſe in a Riuer ſwimmen by.
Her painted feathers maken Flies counterfet,
Tied vpon Hookes the leaping Trout to get:
The coloured Woodſpite runs along the trees, Woodſpite
Killing for foode the creeping worme ſhe ſees:
The filthie Cormorant, and the Sea-gull, Cormoran
Whoſe Crawes with eating will be neuer full;
In *Floras* mantle haue ſome place afforded,
Therefore *Endymion* hath them recorded,
But leaue we theſe, and let our Muſicke mount
To ſing of princely fowles in our account.
Faire ſweeteſt *Leda's* Swan both wild and tame, Swan.
Which mightie Monarchs keep'n for their game.

ne. The towring Hearnshaw, and the wakefull Crane;
e. Shaming *Caucasus*, fearing to be tane,
By dreadfull Eagle watching for her pray,
Trussing the Cranes as they flyen that way.
They keepen therefore silence in their Flight,
Till they haue scap'd that mountaine in the night.
As two lynes of a Tryangle meeting together,
At the end, so flyen they in colde weather,
In two rankes spredding themselues a sonder;
They ioyne at one sharpe end, great is the wonder.
They haue one leader, whome they duly marke,
Following one another in the darke.
This leader lighteth farre off from the rest,
As one with solitarinesse oppreſt.
Hee keepes his standing as a Centinell,
That all his Souldiers might in safetie dwell.
But if an aduersary come that way,
He makes a noyse: The troup is in array.
He mountes, they mount, they take thē to their winges,
To seeke some place that lesser perrill brings.
ose, Duck, The Goose, The Ducke, the Widgeon and Teale,
dgeon, Like order keepe as in a common weale.
le. The daintie Curlew, Dottrell and Pewet,
lew, Dot- The Redshanke, Bustard, Bittor, and Godwet,
ll, Pewet, The Snipe, the Woodcocke, Plouer, Gray and Greene,
ard, God- Garnish the Table of the greatest Queene.
, Plouer, The Heath-cocke, Partrich, Rayle, Quaile & Phesant,
th-cocke, Are Princes dishes, and pastimes pleasant.
trich, Sweet sounding Larke art not the meanest wish,
asant, That oft is made to furnish Princes dish.
le, Quaile Furthermore in blessed *Tellus* coate,
ke. Are framed Birds, of sweet and pleasing noate.
Long liuing Ouzle, little chaunting Thrush,
zle. Singing on tops of trees, and highest bush;
rush. Delighting passengers with Melodie,
Varying their tunes so curiously.
That Shepheards wonder how so diuers Noates,
Should couched be within such little throates.

But

But't is an admirable ſpeculation,
To heare the delectable variation.
Of ſweeteſt Noates, with ſtops vnmutable,
With loftie ſtreynes, Muſicke ineſtimable,
Of little *Philomela*, ſacred Nightingall,
Phœbes Phœnix, Organiſt-imperiall.
Let no Muſition with her voice compare,
No voice ſo ſweete, ſo exquiſite and rare.
Dame Linnet, and birdes of *Canaria*,
With Muſicke pleaſe Arcadian *Cinthia*.
Robin-red-breſt, the little dainty Wren,
With ſweeteſt noates content the mindes of men.
Some other Birds *Flora* brought in beſide,
Which not in voice, yet done excell in Pride.
The prating Parret, Parakito ſmall,
Which pleaſe our *Cinthian* Ladies beſt of all.
As theſe beene taught, ſo vtter they their voice
They make much ſport, and Ladies doone reioyce.
Orientall beene their Feathers delectable,
Of colour excellent, and variable.
But other vertues in them know I none,
But to eate a ſoppe and burniſh a bone.
The Golde-finch, Bulfinch, Marlet and Swallow
Of colours diuers, in vertues ſhallow.
The Red-ſtone in a Swallowes Maw is good,
To ſtop the Fluxe and efuſion of blood.
The Oyle of Swallowes, Phiſitions haue tolde,
Help's ſwelling of ioyntes, proceeding of colde.
Thou ſhalt not once handle our Engliſh Iay,
The falling-ſickneſs infects her alway.
Peacocks beene Birds of rare qualitie,
Of ſhining Feathers, pride, and Maieſtie,
Foes to the Adder by creation:
Contriuing alwaies his diſtruction.
Sabaan Queene for eſtimation,
Preſented theſe to mightie *Salomon*,
The Turkie-cocke, a Crauen by nature,
Is excellent meate, and of Large ſtature.

Nightingall.
Lynnet, C
nary birds
Redbrech
Wren.
Parret.
Parakito.
Gould-fin
Bul-finch.
Martlet, S
low.
A red ſton
the Craw
Swallow p
Oyle of S
lowes.
Engliſh ia
haue the fa
ling ſickne
Peacocks.
Turkey C

edoue. The ſimple harmeleſſe groaning Turtle-doue,
Twixt man and wife paints neuer-dying loue:
The Doue commended in Diuinitie,
Grac'd by the third perſon in Trinitie,
Her bodies heate for ſuſtentation,
Her qualities for imitation.
doue. The dolefull mourning Stock-doue may thee moue,
To view thy ſtate and praiſe thy God aboue.
e. The Storke may teach children with reuerence,
To yeeld their parents due obedience.
When crooked age their parents doth poſſeſſe,
And ſtiffened lims waxe faint with wearineſſe;
When pouertie their ſubſtance doth aſſaile:
And vitall blood their Arteries doth faile.
When blinded eyes done ſinke in hollowed head:
When trembling hands that ſhould the mouth haue fed;
Steddily can hold no ſuſtenance,
And grinding teeth (the ſtomacks maintenance)
Their offices no longer can fulfill:
And waywardneſſe attacheth aged will:
When legs doe faile, that ſhould the reſt ſupport;
And cold, and age, and griefe afoords no comfort:
Then marke the young, the ſtrong and luſtie Storke,
That day and night vnceſſantly doth worke,
Her aged dying parents to maintaine,
Refuſing pleaſure, and enduring paine.
To bring in food his parents to ſuſtaine,
Thinking the parents life the childrens gaine.
And if he doe perceiue that food be ſcant,
And that his parents periſhen for want;
So that conſtrained he muſt leaue the place:
Then wofully he viewes his fathers face,
Shewing his griefe to ſee his parents lacke,
And all at once he takes them on his backe.
And adding force vnto his fearfull wings,
Swiftly flees to the pallaces of Kings.
And laying aged parents ſafely downe,
For foode he rangeth all about the towne.

Which

Which got, he brings it home with ſwifteſt ſpeede,
Whereof his parents and himſelfe do feede.
But here *Endymion* began to weepe,
As if himſelfe were drown'd in ſorrowes deepe.
I know not what did touch the feely man,
But yet at laſt he thus againe began.
O bleſſed *Pan* grant vs that Shepheards beene,
Aged, vnwildie, with choller ouerſeene:
To find young Storks to carrie vs in age;
To feede our mouthes to beare our froward rage:
Alas I feare it will be otherwiſe!
Now children done their parents poore deſpiſe:
And if they done to a little money riſe,
Their Parents may in no caſe enterpriſe,
To call them ſonnes, the black-mouth'd filthy Aſſe,
Thinks himſelfe ſham'd if that ſhould come to paſſe.
For *Hercules* muſt needs be this mans father,
When he might iuſtly challenge *Iris* rather.
A fuſtie golden Braggadochio,
A Lumbardarie ſcauld Borachio.
The diſgrace of an honourable howſe,
As to a Ladie is a bodie-lowſe.
But let this reſt: A brond of infamie,
(There pride abhor'd in gentle-companie)
With frumps derides them to their verie face,
And ſecretly purſues them with diſgrace.
Endymion muſt take another ſubiect,
Of high regard and princely reſpect,
A wonder for the world to gaze vpon,
Which ſtill is out of forme and faſhion.
A feely fowle, a Pellicane by name,
Shall ſhew how much this world is out of frame.
The Pellicane will ſpend his chiefeſt blood,
To doe his friends or yonglings any good;
But we will ſpend our warme and deereſt blood,
To hang our friends or children in our mood:
We bragge, we prate of Chriſtianitie,
Our hands are full of blood and crueltie:

Iris the b
beggar tha
liued in hi
time.

Pellicane.

Our

Our tongues can talke of Ieſus Chriſt his death,
And curſſe, and ſweare, with one, and the ſame breath.
We faſt, we pray, we ſigh, we groane, we preach,
We write, we reade, we heare, catechiſe, and teach,
We bend our knees, aloft we lift our eyes,
As if our hearts were rauiſh'd to the skies.
We rage at others vice, reproue corruption,
Speake againſt vſurie as abhomination:
We ſpeake gainſt the pomp of Prelates in their gree,
And yet who liues in action worſſe then wee?
There is no ſinne that worthily is blamed,
But we commit, and are not aſhamed.
If true pietie conſiſted in wordes,
When working actions from the ſame diſcordes:
Then are we perfect in Religion,
Our words been plentifull, our deedes beene gon.
Except we take corrupt and ſtinking weeds,
For bleſſed ſacred and religious deeds.
We had rather cut our poore neighbours throat,
Then releeue his want with one ſeely groat.
And if he fall into extremitie,
By ſhipwracke or other caſualtie:
Shall we releeue his wofull penurie,
Or helpe to keepe his wife and familie
Of our owne purſe? nay let him ſterue and die,
And wife and children begge. O Chriſtianitie!
Thy ſacred lore teacheth quite contrarie,
From which who ſo doth obſtinately varie,
Shall be acknowledged for none of thine,
Nor be partaker of that glorious ſhine,
Of bliſſe, of honour, and of maieſtie,
And liue with th'euerlaſting Deitie.
Another Bird I haue yet in my rowle,
Which may be ſpoken of without controwle,
A bird for courage, and for qualitie,
For husbandrie, thrift, and vtilitie:
Inferior to none that Nature hath framed,
And is the proude and wakefull Houſe-cocke named.

Houſe-cocke.

Armed

Armed with ſpurr's to daunt aſſayling foes,
Crown'd as a King, tryumphing as he goes.
Obſerue the tender loue, borne to his wife, The Cock loues his
For whoſe ſaueguard, he ſpareth not his life.
If Corne or bread he finde, if but a cromme;
He chucks, and calls his wife vntill ſhee come:
Before he layeth downe that peece of bread,
Not feeding himſelfe, if ſhe be vnfed.
Each man knowes his nature by experience,
To holde you long were inconuenience.
The Titmouſe and the multiplying VVren, Titmouſe.
That deuours Spiders, and liues amongſt men,
For order of our Sonnet as it lies,
Requireth that we ſpeake of diuers flyes:
And ſpecially of flies by creation, Flyes.
For many Flies riſe of corruption.
The Bees from *Pan* haue their originall,
At creation of things naturall.
Fleſh-Flyes, and VVaſps, and Graſſehoppers,
Crickets, Hornets, and Cowſherders,
Dorr's, and ſuch like, as flying Gnats,
Haue their originall as Miſe and Rats.
By *Phœbus* Heate, and putrifaction,
They taken forme and generation.
As mightie Curſſes, and great plagues are ſent,
Vpon this wicked world for puniſhment.
Great is thy wiſdome euerlaſting *Pan*,
In all thy workes ſeruing the vſe of Man:
All thy creatures ſtrike admiration,
To Shepheards in their contemplation.
But when we neerely marke the little Bee, Bees.
Our hearts muſt needes be rauiſhed in thee.
That ſuch a little Flie ſhould farre ſurpaſſe,
The wiſeſt workeman, euer framed was,
And all the Artiſt's in the world beſide,
Are argued of inſolence and pride,
If they preſume by ſuperficiall skill,
To knowe the cauſe of this thy ſecret will.

The Bees bodie described.

How is her bodie framed in euery parte,
Admirably contriu'd beyond all Arte?
Her little head, her eyes, her mouth, her tongue,
Her throate, her breſt, her little heart, her longue.
(As ſome doe thinke, to houlden breath and heate)
Their little Stomacke, to diſgeſt their meate:
What Lower intrayles Dame Nature inuents,
To emptie, or auoide their Excrements,
Their alwaies-Armed-ſting for their defence,
Their little ioynts, and legs of fineſt ſence,
Their wit to ſucke the iuyce from fragrant flower,
Their skill to keepe, and carrie it to their bower:
Their Arte to flye a mile into a playne,
And euerie Bee to finde his home againe.
But when we come to ſee their Citadell,
As by a Serieant Maior ſquared well:
How iuſtly are Philoſophers amazed,
When they haue proportionably gazed,
Vpon a little concaue or a Hiue,
In which they doe their pollicie contriue?
Circle-Muring ſtrong their pettie-fort,
With Pallazado, Flanker, Loop and Porte,
Rampiers of waxe, and thicke Baracados,
To withſtand the theeuiſh Rats-Brauados.
But enter once within their Hiue, or wall,
And ſee their order vniuerſall:
Marking how they doe place their Colonyes,
To dwell according to their qualities:
Firſt for the King his Tent imperiall,
Next been placed States, Peers principall.
Then euerie other ſtate in his degree,
According to his ſeruice hath his fee:
For him and his, a houſe peculiar:
Priuate for euerie thing particular:
For meate, for reſt & Cradles for their young:
So neately dreſt as paſſeth Shepheards toung.
Framed ſixe ſquare Geometricall,
Each ſide to the other proportionall,

And euerie one his lodging ſeuerall,
Framed by nature artificiall.
Not ſeiled with vnprofitable knacks,
But euerie lodging of the pureſt waxe,
Theſe lodgings are appointed in regard,
That euerie one ſhould labour, watch and ward.
Thus ſetled in their Cell againſt the Sunne,
Each falleth to his worke till day be done.
Some maken Honny-pots, ſome Honny clenſe,
Which cloſely they hide, and hourden in their Dens.
Of all the flowers growing in the field,
Which fragrant ſmell vnto the ſenſe doe yielde:
They gatheren this compoſition,
The ſicke mans Leeche, and beſt Phiſition.
They nouriſh vp their younglings in their trade,
Till time and practiſe hath them skilfull made.
When Summer hath prouiſion for their health,
They ſwarme them foorth into the common-wealth.
To get ſome place for their habitation,
And labour in their generation.
If any one among them chaunce to die,
Hee is remooued thence immediatly.
Før they can abide no dead carion,
For feare of peſtilent infection.
By iuſt deſert therefore they are recorded,
That haue to Man ſuch benefits afforded.
Riuers and Springs, and Bathes, and pooles there beene
That Beautifie the Mantle of this Queene.
That flowen from the mightie Ocean
Running againe thither where they began.
Looſing their ſaltneſſe in the hollow vaine:
Of *Tellus* Intrayles where they doe remaine.
Their ſwiftneſſe ſpoyles the force of *Phœbus* Heates,
Which on the bottom of the Riuer beates.
The Pike, the Roach the Cheuen and the Dace,
The Breame, the Barble, with his bearded face,
The Pearch, the Gudgeon, and the ſiluer Eele,
Which Millers taken in their Ozier weele:

Euery lodg
fixe-ſquare

Honny.

Riuers.

Fiſhes of th
Riuer.

Dwell in the Riuer as principall fiſh,
And giuen by *Pan* to garniſh thy Diſh,
The Salmon, Trout, Flounder and Creuiſe,
Doe dwell in Riuers where the Menow is.
The Princely Carpe, and medicinable Tench,
In bottom of a Poole themſelues doe trench.
The Poole of neceſſitie hath a ſpring,
Which feedeth it, and doth freſh water bring,
Leaſt *Phœbus* burning beames doon make it drie,
The mudde to ſtinke and all the fiſh to die.
VVho dare the noble burbling Spring deſpiſe,
VVhich from the belly of great *Tellus* riſe?
Where Birds doon drink for ſuſtentation,
Where Nimphes and Graces, take their recreation.
Swiftly deſcending from *Parnaſſus* mount,
To ſporte themſelues by coole Caſtalion-Fount.
There beene Bathes alſo of high Soueraignetie
Med'cinable for mans infirmitie.
Colde Bath's ſpringing vp from an Allum-mine,
Curing hot Gowts, and Maladies of eyne.
Hot Bath's alwaies worken quite contrarie,
As ſpring from a hot Mine Sulphurie.
And thus is *Tellus* Mantle finiſhed:
And with beauties rich glorie garniſhed.
There reſteth that *Endimion* begin,
To ſhew what treaſures *Tellus* hath within.
Thrice honoured *Cinthia* deigne to heare this ſong,
Blame it not, as teadious or to long:
For thou ſhalt heare therein diſcouered,
Thinges that before in darkenes houered.
The Mothers wombe throughly Anatomized,
With glorious Meteors therein comprized.
So that if I ſhould haue a Trophæ made,
When Shepheards life were turned retrograde:
Of all my skill except Theologie:
Set vp his pillar of Philoſophy,
And let thy Poet be eternized,
For Phyloſophy epitomized.

And

And let Arcadian *Cynthia* neuer die,
But liue in records of Antiquitie.
And euer tryumph in *Endymions* Layes,
With flouriſhing and euerlaſting Bayes.
For liſten how by Indagation,
In *Tellus* Belly by Creation
Are perfect mettals, Stones, and things betweene
That neyther perfect Stones, nor mettals been
Gould Siluer, Braſſe, Yron, Steele, heauie-lead, Tinne,
Are Metals ſeauen, contained within
In *Tellus* belly whereunto ſome adde:
Copper which is fine Braſſe if truth be had.
All theſe by *Phœbus* made effectuallie,
As hee's remote, or in propinguitie,
The neerer *Phœbus* commeth to the lyne,
So is the Metall eyther courſe or fine.
As *Phœbus* fierie Steedes circlen the Spheare,
Declyning the line, or approchen neare:
So are his beames of force, or weake eſtate
Minerall Mettals to operate,
As is the ſubſtance of the earth in qualitie,
So is the Mettall fram'd in pouertie.
Plenty of Gould is in *America*,
Peru, *Moluccus*, and *Phillipina*,
Little Gould, or Siluer in *Virginia*,
France, *Ireland*, or *Britania*.
Yet Copper, Tinne, Iron, Braſſe, or Leade:
Are in thoſe Countries plentifully bred.
America ſo neare the burning line,
Breedeth abundantly the golden Mine.
Theſe other Countries ſubiect to the colde,
Can yeelde leſſe plenty of ſiluer and golde.
For Gould and Siluer is the Care of man,
For theſe men maken warres, and curſſe and ban:
Forſweare themſelues, and ſell their deareſt life.
For theſe the husband kils his guiltleſſe wife.
Friend ſels his Friend as *Iudas* did his Lord:
Simplicitie, truth, vertue is abhorr'd.

All thin
within t
earth ar
ther M
Stones, o
Mixt.
7. Metal

The cau
different
tals.

No plent
Golde in
gnia, & v

Gold the
iect of the
world.

Kings make war with their neighbour Kings for golde,
Religion is wounded, conscience is bought & solde.
Abbayes, Churches, Altars ruinated,
Whilom to pietie consecrated.
Bishoprickes spoyled, their Lands deuided,
Studie decayed, Schollers deryded.
Schollers constrained to buy their places deere,
The Parsonage farmed, it lyes the Patrone neere.
The Patrone claimes the Tithe to finde his Diet:
Or else the Parson must not liue in quiet.
But out of doubt, my Lord's a Puritan,
A vertuous and a moste Religious man.
Making a Scruple of his conscience,
As doth a Begger to take a sixe pence,
The Mistresse weares the Parsonage on her backe,
The Peacher, his wife, and family doe lacke.
But tell me, is not this a golden age,
When Rascalls ride in Golden Equipage
With Princely Lords, and men of highest blood,
As *Tarleton* clad in *Cæsars* goulden Hood?
When guilded spurres, adorne Hodge-Clumperton,
To friske the Hay with Glabbring-Iillion?
Fetching a Caper full as high from ground,
As fortie Angells is from twentie pound.
Spoyling more Cates and Viands at one Meale,
Then fiue great Mastiffes in a common weale.
Prouided it be of an others coste,
For his great Grand-father neuer eate Roste.
And tell me? yst' not a goulden season,
When Golden fooles are praysed for reason?
As eloquent as learned *Cicero*,
As sententious as aged *Cato*:
Pithye, sage, and Graue, with a long white beard,
Like mine olde Horned Goate, præceeding the heard?
What Stratagems of warre, are wrought by golde?
What secret misteries doth it not vnfolde?
What Townes and Cities, hath it not betrayd?
What Princes counsels, hath it not bewray'd?

What

What ſtrange aduentures doe men vndertake,
And all for golde, commoditie to make?
A man regardeth nor Age, nor qualitie;
Sexe, witte, learning, vertue nor honeſtie.
Friendſhip, faith, Soule, credit, Sincerities;
So he get golde and worldly dignitie.
Damnable Vſurers Suburds of hell,
Iewes by profeſſion, Baw'ds of Bride-well;
Deuouring Engliſh Gentle-men aliue,
That once approchen your peſtilent Hiue
Nets of *Belzebub* t' enſnare noble frye,
Pretending conſcience their wants to ſupplye.
Proteſting that for perfect amitie
(Hoping there may be ſome Affinitie
By marriage, betweene your ſodaine Daughter,
And this wanting wanton youth heareafter)
If hee'l knowledge a Satute of his Land,
For men are mortall: and a ſingle Band,
Is not for you that are a Citizen.
When hee's content: what doe you for him then?
You will furniſh him immediatly:
Eyther with money, or commoditie,
But wot ye what? (Pouchmouth Ciuilitie)
Now begins your packe of Scurrillitie.
You dampne your ſelues and ſweare that money's ſcant
But ritch commodities he ſhall not want,
That certaine Money preſently will yeeld:
If he be skilfull to Marſhall the field.
Silks, and veluets at Intollerable price.
Embroydered Hangars, Pepper and Rice,
Browne Paper, Lute-ſtrings, buckles for a Saddle,
Perwigs, Tiffany, Paramours to waddle.
Great bars of yron, and Spaniſh Tucks:
(Thus like a Horſe-leech thy vanitie ſuckes)
Theſe takes the Gentleman, at ſuch a Rate,
As brings repentance ſpeedy: but to late.
For halfe in halfe, is loſſe reaſonable,
The Broker ſweares they are not ſeaſonable.

O inchaunting golde, O alluring witch!
Doth not a minde contented make men rich?
Desire of Thee, hath damn'd the Vsurer,
His wife, and children, and fil the Broker.
Desire of Thee makes many Marchants wiues,
Forsake their husbands beds, their soules, their liues.
Vnder pretence of blessed Religion,
Inflamed with cælestiall vision:
To haunt the beds of yonger golden states,
Buying short pleasures at the highest rates.
Desire of Thee constraines the Pandresse seeke,
Each angle of the towne, each house and Creeke,
To bend, perswade, allure, a simple Maid,
For Gold to haue her honestie betraid.
This Pandresse she, alas, she's past the best,
And knows the fittest meanes t'ensnare the rest:
Desire of Thee draw's the bankrupt marchant,
To become a blind Buzzard prædicant.
To blaze the Bible farre aboue the reach,
To be a Puritane, Catechise, and preach:
To single out a Church remote for ease,
Where he may best his auditorie please.
Where neuer commeth wife nor learned man,
Their fond absurdities to heare or scan.
But sweete *Kate* and *Cisse*, *Bab*, and *Iulian*,
Faire *Parnell*, and my blessed sister *Anne*.
Pen at a push, diuine *Coinophila*,
Prudence, *Priscilla*, with *Palemyna*.
These know to vse the sacred Oracles,
As Iack-an-Apes a paire of Spectacles.
With diuinitie aswell edified
As a red Bricke by water's Albified.
This fellow first to get the worlds applause,
Cries out against the policie and law's.
And saith the Church is full of superstition,
And her officers without commission.
Thrust thereinto by Romish Antichrist,
Defended by Popish Artagonist.

Arch-

Archbiſhops, Biſhops, Deanes, Prebendaries,
Parſons, Vicars, Curates, Commiſſaries,
Common-ſet-prayer, and Citations,
Suſpenſions, and Excommunications:
Lord Biſhops, Barons of Parliament,
Made Iuſtices of ciuill gouernment.
Theſe are not of Chriſts inſtitution,
But by corrupt times Reuolution.
Infecting the Church by Popes intruſion,
Poyſoning her with wofull confuſion.
He ſaith vnpreaching Miniſters been dumbe dogs,
Fitter for plough and ſeruing of hogs,
Then to taken Chriſts bleſſed lore in hand,
Reading the things they doe not vnderſtand.
If this be true thou pecuniarie Aſſe,
Art not thou come to a wofull paſſe?
That into Chriſts Church haſt thruſt thy ſelfe,
To coffer vp this yellow worldly pelfe?
And in a Pulpit dooſt but prate and clatter,
Without Diuinitie, Methode, or matter?
Thy fooliſh ſpokes all learned men do ſcorne,
As ſpur-gall'd-words, triuiall, and threed-bare worne.
Thy ſences need *Eleborus*, They are too too blunt,
Such Parradoxes of thy ſelfe to hunt.
The Hebrue, Greeke, and Latin, vnto thee,
As the renowm'd and ancient fathers bee,
Thou ſpeakeſt as perfect Ciceronian,
As a Monkey iabbereth Italian.
If I demaund how thou attain'dſt thy skill,
Thou ſimply anſwereſt: it was *Ioues* will.
It came to thee by inſpiration:
And by a ſecret Reuelation.
Thus thou obtain'dſt thy Conſecration,
By an extraordinarie vocation.
Contrarie to the ſacred Regiment,
Setled by Ieſus Chriſt, and parmanent.
But for the Regiſters of Antiquitie,
And interpreters of Diuinitie,

The holy fathers bleſſed Monuments,
Which Chriſt hath vſed as his Inſtruments,
To make diuine Theorems perſpicuous.
And obſcure ſentences illuſtrious:
Thou do'ſt reiect them as ridiculous,
And interpretations perillous.
Thou onely read'ſt the inuectiues of *T. C.*
Which by profound writers anſwered bee.
Why without bluſhing dar'ſt thou diſcommend,
The orders of the Church, or thus contend
About high poynts beyond thine Element?
Thy time in learning might be better ſpent.
But well I know what brought thee to this vaine,
Not conſcionable zeale, but hope of gaine.
And this thou ſhalt acknowledge euident,
Vpon record as certaine Precedent.
Thou that before with railing bitter words,
Denied'ſt Chriſtian Biſhops to be Lords:
And ſquared Cap, and Surpleſſe didſt forſweare,
Shunning the Miniſters that did it weare,
Saying t'was a Relique of Antichriſt,
Brought into the Church by the diuels high Prieſt.
The Croſſe in Baptiſme, and Ring in mariage,
Is a fooliſh toy, and meere Surpluſſage,
The Booke of Common-prayer is tittle tattle,
Much like to a Babies playing rattle.
But now thou haſt by thine owne ſubſcription,
Retracted thy former aſſertion.
utabilitie, Affirming the pollicie of our land,
arke here he With Gods eternall veritie to ſtand.
ſcribeth. Vſing the Ceremonies as they beene,
Eſtabliſhed as all thy people weene.
And what thou formerly haſt contemned,
As things by Chriſtianitie condemned.
By thy hand writing thou haſt approoued,
(As plaine truth hath farre thy betters mooued)
Thou wear'ſt the Surpleſſe, and the cornerd cappe,
Onely but for a buſh to ſtop a gappe.

Thine

Thine Audience demaund of thee the cauſe,
Why thou ſubiects thy ſelfe vnto theſe lawes?
Sith thou haſt preached direct contrarie,
As white and blacke in colours ſeeme to varie.
Thouh ſai'ſt fowle iniquitie of this time,
Procured thee to perpetrate this crime.
Out of thy mouth I ſtraight do argue thee,
Of falſe diſſembling hypocriſie.
For if it be direct iniquitie,
Diſcording from true Chriſtianitie;
Why wilt thou thy conſcience contaminate,
And with thy pen and hand corroberate,
Things meerely falſe and diabolicall,
Forſaking God, and things Cæleſtiall?
Anſwere me now or beth ou well directed,
Leaſt of hypocriſie thou be detected.
Thou ſai'ſt thy skill is greater now then then;
(You bleſſed people anſwer all *Amen*.)
Then ſhall thy flocke be excellently fed,
Like the Camelion of the Ayre bred.
Thou haſt nor Arte, nor wit, to feed thy ſheepe,
No more then Wolfe, or Foxe thy lambs to keepe.
Thou know'ſt no more the Scriptures to vnfold,
Then doth *Aphron* th' Alchimiſt to make golde.
But fleſh is fraile, and thou art loath to ſay,
That which we ſhepheards founden in our lay.
That thou wilt ſtay thy ſelfe vpon this ground,
As faſt as will the Hare before the Hound.
Returne therefore vnto thy trade againe,
For in the Church thou laboureſt in vaine.
Think'ſt thou that our Biſhops will thee deigne to preach,
Rude, vnlearned, a Mercuany Dog-leach?
No, no: Saint *Nicholl* is too wiſe for that,
Thou'ſt neuer in an Engliſh Pulpet chat.
Till thou haſt better skill to manage well,
The myſteries diuine of ſacred ſpell.
Yet herein art thou worthily commended,
That haſt the Churches policie defended,

Marke his hypocriſi

An other excuſe.

And forsworne Geneuian Presbyterie,
Being a phantasticall Anarchie.
But if thou wilt be an euerlasting so,
To this new vpstart Disciplinado:
oke cal- Studiously with Pen marke each word and line,
e Surucy Of that learned suruey of Discipline,
cipline. That which thou doost doe of intelligence,
Not for lucres sake, but for conscience.
Vpon this condition Ile let thee goe,
And speake of certaine goldenwonders moe.
For out of doubt it worketh strange effects,
When euerie man the golden Asse respects.
lde wife A lustie Gallant seekes his wife for golde,
n and Though the withered Crone be foure-score yeare olde,
yong Blind, crooked, lame, deformed, full of gout:
olde. Her gold, her gold, shall paint the Buzzard out,
As yong, as beautifull, as *Pollixene*,
Wise, courteous, witte learned, as my *Cynthia*.
Gentle as a Doue, for why she cannot bite,
Fortie yeares agone she was toothlesse quite.
ule and Yea a yong puppet, ill fauoured idiot,
ish daugh- A slabbering, grenning, laughing foole (God wot)
nade faire Gold can transforme to faire and gracious,
wife by Wittie, and sober, in talke sentencious,
de. Able as wisely to vtter hir minde,
As *Seneca's* wife could see being starke blinde.
Yea, in a Countrey where no golde doth growe,
By arteficiall skill wee'll make golde, I trowe.
That shall abide the fierie test aswell,
As stubble can abide the fire of hell.
himie. This skill is called the noble Alchimie,
Which bringeth all her friends to beggerie:
For with great expence and longation,
Must come this mettals alteration;
Perillous is the way by curtation,
Hauing no certaine operation,
By the white and greene, and red Lion,
By fixing Sulphurs liquefaction;

To

To haue a perfect calcination,
Right Tincture, and Maleation,
To make it ductible and fusible,
Close luted in an earthen Crusible,
Bewaring of too hot combustion,
Till fortie dayes and nights be come, and gone:
Secretly working by thy selfe alone:
Thou shalt obtaine the Philosophers stone.
A fine red powder, which being proiected,
(By great Arte and skill, least thou be detected)
Vpon a peece of Brasse as bigge as a house,
Shall make a peece of golde as bigge as a louse.
Goodly Mannors and Possessions are solde,
To make simple Brasse artificial Golde.
But as a Veluet Ape remaines an Ape,
Though he be attired in golden shape:
So shall a peece of Brasse be perfect Brasse,
Though it be somewhat purer then it was.
Well, this that is spoken proueth euident,
That this Mettall of Golde is excellent.
For which all states and sexes macerate,
Themselues and theirs with labours intricate.
Though Golde it selfe, as by creation,
Is not the cause of such corruption;
But mans vile insatiable desire,
To lade themselues with this thicke earthly mire,
Brasse for vessels, and sodder fast our Steele,
To make Canons, whose force our foes doe feele.
Iron and Steele are mettals of dignitie,
Of great esteeme, vertue, and qualitie,
The one with th'other may so be tempered,
That by no Arte they may be entered,
They make mightie instruments of warre,
Bellona, and *Pallace* with these armed are.
With these the Captaines of *Britannia*,
Beard the proude Monsters of *Romania*.
The force of these hath conquered *India*,
These fright the Muses and faire *Cynthia*.

Brasse.

Iron and Steele.

And all young Ladies that delight in peace,
Whereby their ioy, their loue, their ſports encreaſe,
Praying great *Mars*, no more to manage armes,
That they might claſpe him in their Iuory armes.
The vſe of theſe for which they were intended;
Was that our confines might be defended,
From foe mans force, and fierce Inuaſion
That bleſſed peace might build her ſtation,
That there might bee no fell corraſion,
Death, nor bloodie depopulation.
But out alaſſe! Sacred intent of *Pan*,
Is quite peruerted by the minde of man,
By a malitious diſpoſition,
That turne theſe Mettals to pardition.
They kill, deſtroy, and murder one another,
The Father kils the Sonne, the childe, the Mother:
Man killeth man, whome he ought to defend:
Kniues were ordain'd to a better end.
Woe worth the man, that firſt the ſword inuented,
Neuer ſufficiently to be lamented.
For ſince the time theſe weapons firſt began,
In ſmall regard was had the life of man.
Each ſwaggering Ruffin now that walk's the ſtreetes,
Proud as *Lucifer*, ſtabbeth whome he meetes.
Trampling the Guts of men vnder his feete,
Tryumphing in his brothers winding ſheete.
O bleſſed region where no Iron growes,
Where no man Steele, nor golde, nor ſiluer knowes,
Where Guns and ſwords, beene reputed wonder
Where roring Cannon is holden thonder.
Where neuer wonned any martiall Man,
Where men doon neuer curſſe, nor ſweare, nor ban,
For Gould: but leaden a contented life,
Voide of pride, Mallice, contention, ſtrife,
Giuing a lumpe of Golde for a ſmall Bell,
A needle or a pinne, contents them well.
Thou *Salomon* renowned prince of peace,
How did thy kingdome flouriſh and increaſe?

When

When Siluer was compared vnto duſt,
Voide of contention, malice and diſtruſt?
Golde was as plenty as ſtones in the ſtreete,
Neighbour vſed neighbour ſolemnlie to greete.
Saying (*Shalumleca*) peace be vnto thee,
Then was Ieruſalem in high degree.
But after he was dead, then warres began,
Peace was exiled, waxed ſick and wan,
Ciuill ſedition, and dichoſtaſie
Clangor of Trumpets, noyſe and fearefull crie
Trampling of warlike Steedes, Banners diſplaide,
Beating of Drums: Armor ruſtie Aſſayed.
Mightie men at armes, raunged in array.
Townes full of clamor, women ran away.
Lamenting of Mothers, wiues wringing hands,
Blood-breathing *Mars*, at each corner ſtands.
Two Kings in one Land, each clayming right,
Souldiours ignorant on which ſide to fight.
The whole land full of deſolation,
Expecting nothing but diuaſtation.
A lamentable wofull Spectacle,
When cloſed was the bleſſed Tabernacle,
The lawes worſhip and Sacrifice did ceaſe,
Exterminated quite with ſacred Peace.
The champing horſe vp to the Footelocks ſtood,
In flowing ſtreames of dying Souldiers blood.
No reuerence to the aged man at all,
The wife doth dye to ſee her husband fall.
The Children weepe to ſee their Fathers death;
The aged Matron yeeldeth vp her breath;
Young virgins without regard deflowred,
Studies decayed, Students deuoured.
Merchants ſpoyled, and their goods deuided,
Iuſtice diſpiſed, Iudges derided,
The whole Kingdome brought to confuſion,
Thy houſe, thy good's, thy land's by intruſion.
Of a godleſſe impudent companion,
Taken by force from thy poſſeſſion.

Diſcomm
ties of wa

Thy

Thy wofull wife rauiſh'd before thy face,
And preſently thou murther'd in the place.
Tell me now if thou haſt any conſcience,
Yf this in making Steele were *Pans* pretence?
The armed Plough-Share in making Furrowes long:
Our Horſes Yron ſhodd, to footen ſtrong.
Boord's ſtrong nail'd, to couch together cloſe:
Keyes, and artificiall locks, to ſhut and loſe:
With other infinite commodities:
Which by this Mettals principally riſe.
Of theſe two Mettals ſhewn, vſe principall,
For deadly warres beene thinges accidentall.
The leaden mines, are now in chiefe requeſt,
For which we riuen ſacred *Tellus* breſt.
And turne them to bad vſes contrary,
Vnto their firſt created deſtiny.
We vſe it now to make Bullets round,
To gorge our Piſtols Chriſtians to wound.
Caliuers, Muskets, and ſuch Trumpery,
Executors of humane crueltie.
Are ſtuf'd with Bullets of the pureſt Leade,
To kill a harmleſſe Man vnfurniſhed.
Wee vs'd them firſt holy Church to couer,
At the charge of many a Chriſtian Louer.
To couer cloſe, the Pallaces of Kings:
Leaſt raine might enter which corruption brings.
Glaſiers can tell of vſes manifold,
That neede not in our ſtorie bee enrould.
This proou's there is a ſtrange mutation,
Of all things from their firſt creation.
Excepting Tinn formed for Vtenſils,
Which ſculleries of Noble Ladies fils.
This mettall receiueth corruption,
By Pewterers ſophiſtication.
Chargers, Baſens, Platters, Pots of Tinne,
Mixed with leade craftily foyſted Inne.
Making them heauie, and of colour blew,
But Tinn's light, and white, if Subſtance be trew.

If

If otherwise it is adulterated,
And by Cosonage sophisticated.
Thus is rich *Tellus* glorious within,
In deeper search if thou wilt wisdome winne:
Stones doon occurre next to be surueyd,
As nature hath them orderly conuei'd.
Gems, Marble, whetstones, Flmt's & building stones,
Are ribb's of this Ladie, or our Mothers bones.
Hearken the musicke of mine Oaten Reed,
As *Endymion* doth orderly proceed.
Gems are principally memorable
As Iewels of price inestimable
In barryne Rocks, and mountaines engendred,
And by great *Pan* to Ladies tendred.
To garnish all their Princely Ornaments,
Tyres for their heads, vailes, and Abbillements. (hands
Their caules, their haire, their necks, their brests, their
Whose price none but the owners vnderstands.
Of watry substance beene they composed,
And by the burning heate of *Phœbus* disposed.
Into diuers colours hard orientall,
Shining throughout, not superficiall.
The thicker they beene the more of regard,
So they beene impenetrable and hard,
This watry substance by colde is congealed
And then by *Phœbus* long time Anealed.
Yea hardned so by the heate of the Sunne
By continuall Reuerberation.
So hard compact by *Phœbus* burning charme,
That the flaming fire can doe them no harme.
These beene called precious for their qualities,
Not for their Maginitude or quantities.
These casten such a luster to the eyes,
As might amazen Shepheards that been wise.
Resembling often with their splendent light,
Twinckling and shining Starres in frosty night.
Of precious stones some shining and cleere,
Some been obscure, and therefore not so deare.

Stones w
their de

Precious
stones.

How they
come to re
the fire, &
beingendre
water.

Gem
ma.

Some partly cleare, and in ſome part obſcure,
Yet verie precious, and will long endure.
The Diamond, Carbuncle perſpicuous,
Blew Saphyre, Emerald, Iacynth luſtrious,
Obſcure, and darke, is the iewell Onix,
Cleare and obſcure, Iaſper, and Sardonix.
All beaſts and plants of force muſt needs giue place,
To many ſtones precious for vertuous grace.
The truth hereof is euidently ſhowne,
By the Load-ſtone vniuerſally knowne.
The Princely Diamond of high reſpect,
Pierceth an armor with his hard effect:
Nine dayes togither reſiſteth the fire,
Who doth not then his qualities admire?
It expelleth feare, as Shepheards haue tride,
If it be to a Ladies left wriſt tide:
At midnight Carbuncles giue ſuch a ſhine,
As if *Phœbus* blazed his power diuine:
It makes a man merrie that lookes thereon,
Gainſt Melancholy preuailes this ſtone.
Moſt precious of all is the greene Emrald,
Which of vs Shepheards a chaſte ſtone is call'd.
It is the ſofteſt, and foe to Venerie,
When thou and thy wife go to bed, lay't by:
If thou haue drunke venom, or poyſoned thing,
Drinke this in wine, it will remedie bring.
Gainſt falling ſickneſſe it is a remedie,
Which Phiſitians call Epilepſie.
The fearefull dreames that riſen vp in vs,
The Emeralde doth vtterly diſcuſſe.
The blew Saphyr maketh ſound the eyes,
That beene oppreſt with myſtie maladies,
Choler-aduſt, it cureth perfectly,
Drunke in wine, and powdred cunningly.
It doth preuaile againſt the Scorpions ſting,
The powder alſo remedie doth bring,
Againſt a Carbuncle, or peſtilent ſore,
Strawde vpon it and drunke as before.

The

The Iacinth preſerueth from the lightning,
Thoſe that weare it garniſh'd in a ring.
From the peſtilence it keep's men ſound,
That ayer infected may them not confound.
A precious helpe for them that cannot Sleepe,
Get this ſtone and doe it ſafely keepe.
The Marble ſtones excell in Dignitie,
All other ſtones that beene ordinarie.
Repreſenting a ſhining looking-glaſſe,
Shewing the faces of them that doon paſſe.
Excellent for building of gorgeous Roomes,
Theators of ſtate, and Emperors Toombes.
ſome white, ſome black, ſome green, with ſpots diſtinct,
Such as great *Cynthia* hath in her precinct.
Porphirie for ritches is commended,
Wherein *Phiſis* hath her skill extended.
Alablaſter ſhall not in ſilence ſleepe,
Wherein our Ladies doon their Oyntments keepe.
Whet-ſtones been next as *Endimion* findes,
Deuouring Metalls: heereof been three kindes,
The Touch-ſtone, and Whet-ſtone of Damaſco,
And the Indian Whet-ſtone, the razors Foe.
Gould-Smiths vſe the firſt to try their Mettals by,
As Golde and Siluer from falſe Alchymie.
The ſecond common vs'd to this intent,
To whet our kniues, or other inſtrument.
The third is yellow which the Barbers haue,
To whet their Razors if they meane to ſhaue.
The nature of the flint all men doe admire,
How that ſpeciall ſtone is fit to ſtrike fire,
Schollars, Souldiers, and Maryners are bound,
To bleſſe the time when firſt this ſtone was found,
If all the fire in the whole world were gone:
Tellus can helpe thee with one ſilly ſtone,
For common ſtones of great infinitie,
Framed by cæleſtiall Diuinitie.
Different in colour, forme and faſhion,
For nature, vſe, and Operation.

Iacinth

Vertues

Marble.

Porphyri

Alablaſta

Three ki
of Whetſt

Touch-ſt

Damaſco
Whet-ſto
of an Aſh
lour.

Indian W
ſtones yell

Flynt-ſton

Men much
bound to
for this
eſpecially,
Students,
Souldiers,
rineers.

Hardned by the burning beames of the Sunne,
Being duſt and ſand, ere they were begunne.
Ile ſingle ſome as ſtones of rareſt name,
Which iuſtly doe deſerue Records of fame,
The Load-ſtone firſt comes to my memorie,
A Stone of admirable vtilitie.
Drawing by ſecret diuine influence,
Iron and Steele ſurpaſſing humane ſence.
Two ends it hath, if they be rightly ſquar'd,
Doone wondrous thinges which cannot be declar'd.
Nor can we all the ſecret vertues tell,
Which in this little ragged ſtone doon dwell.
For one among the reſt is admirable,
The reaſon whereof is Inſcrutable.
One end drawes yron to it all the day;
The other end doth make it runne away.
One end drawes yron to the ſouthern Pole,
The other, to the center of the Northern-hole:
So ſtrange and implacable enmitie,
Such hidden raging Malignitie
In working nature of this ſtone is found,
As doth the wit of all the world confound.
All Mariners of force muſt be diſmayed,
If they ſhould want the Load-ſtones bleſſed ayde,
By this they ſaile, elſe knowe not where they were,
Such ſou'reigntie in Ship doth *Magnes* beare.
Lapis Herculeus it is called thoſe,
That ſay *Herculeus* did it firſt diſcloſe,
Smiris a noble ſtone in operation
Much vſed for the Teeth's purgation.
The Pumice ſtone was not formed in vaine,
To clenſe your parchment and to make it plaine.
Tartar found in the bottom of Wine-Leyes,
For Pimpled ſpotted face, is of high Price.
A ſtone there is of colour blacke as ſables,
Which Marchaunts oft, vſe for wrighting-tables.
This alſo deſerueth ſome memorie,
Becauſe it ſerueth mans commoditie.

The

The ſtone which Shepheards doon Æthites call,
Is of great vertue, though the ſtone be ſmall,
For this I wiſh young Ladies vnderſtand,
If they hold this ſtone cloſely in their hand,
Or apply it, to the place Parturient
They ſhall be deliuered incontinent.
This ſoundeth *Endimions* in his Layes,
Make vſe thereof and after giue him praiſe.
Rédde and white corall as hard as a ſtone,
Tellus refuſeth becauſe it is none,
But a ſea hearbe combuſt by the heate of the Sunne,
Wherewith ſome women faine wonders been done.
Drunken in powder, it vertue impart's,
To the Greene-ſicknes, and languiſhing Heart's,
Neither is Ieat within the ſtony Lawe
As fit for naught, but to take vp a ſtraw,
The third part of all the mineral's that beene,
Found in earthes-bellye, and dayly ſeene:
Haue ſtrange and ſecret vertues intricate,
Profitable for mortall mans eſtate.
And firſt Phiſitions done highly exalt,
The Pearled, and th' Ammonian Salt.
Salt-Peter, Minerall of high regard,
Digg'd by commiſſion, in each houſe and warde,
Where by the Deuill inuented Gun-powder,
That hell might tryumph and death be prowder.
Which with ſulphury compoſition,
Procurs fatell death and Perdition.
Sulphur the Damme of wilde fire and brimſtone.
By a filthie diueliſh commixion,
Which hath brought to finall ſubuerſion,
Many a ſtrong and worthie champion.
Many a learned Scholler of renowne,
The princely Souldier, and the rurall Clowne:
No Citie, Caſtle, Fort, or ſtately Tower,
Is able to withſtand his raging power:
This hath Dame *Tellus* in her regiment,
Cloſe coffred againſt the day of iudgement:

Aeth
Vertu
wom
ling w
Corall
ſtone b
Herbe.
Ieat.
Mixt m
ralls.
Sal
Salt Pet
Sulphur.

If mindes reuenging would vouchsafe it rest,
In darke some closset of his Mothers brest,
Alume is also a famous minerall,
old, Absterſiue, peircing, medicinall.
Fo. Cankers in the mouth, Vlcers and blaynes,
Hot and dry Scab's, and itching of the vaines.
Of Viſcous matter, is glaſſe compoſed,
Which in her breſt, *Tellus* hath encloſed.
Whereof men veſſels excellent contriue,
ing-glaſ- Looking-glaſſes, and Glaſſes perſpectiue.
Compoſed by Arte Geometricall,
Whereby beene wrought thinges Supernaturall.
ectiue Men with halfe bodies, men going in th' Ayre.
s. Men all deformed men as angels fayre.
Beſides other thinges of great admiration,
Wrought by this Glaſſes Fabrication.
king Drinking Glaſſes, and plaine window Glaſſe,
es. Placed by Arte, that light and heate may paſſe.
e for Though it be ſtrange, we know't may come to paſſe,
owes. To ſet fire on a Towne, or a Ship by a glaſſe.
ing-
les. How are old men bound to *Pans* Maieſtie:
Whoſe ſight is dimme, with their antiquitie?
That they might in age reade his Oracles,
acles. He helps their ſight with glaſſie ſpectacles.
You learned Searchers of ritch natures skill,
That oyles and waters ſouereigne diſtill,
becks What glaſſie Limbecks, and receptacles,
s. And cloſed faſt luted Tabernacles,
Frame you of this one brittle treaſurie,
Safelie to keepe diſtilled miſterie?
ickeſiluer. Nimble quickſiluer what ſhall I ſay of thee?
Minerall excellent in thy degree.
Mother of Metals, transformer of all,
The ſeauen Metalls vniuerſall.
How ſhall I celebrate thine excellence,
Or glorifie thy great Magnificence,
Golde ioyneth not to ſiluer but by thee,
Thou pierceſt all Mettalles that formed be.

No-

No Mettall hindereth thine agilitie,
Tou flyeſt the ſight of mans iniquitie.
Admirable thinges might well be wrought,
If man by Arte, could fixe thee as they ought,
And beate thee foorth into a ſiluer Plate,
Whome neyther Tuch, nor Teſte could macerate.
No ſiluer then, to thee were comparable,
Made with ſmall coſt, excellent and durable,
This I thinke were a farre greater miſterie,
Worthily fit to bee called Alchymie,
Then thus to make our wealth, and witte to range,
Good Copper, into ſeeming golde to change.
Which thing is as poſſible to be doone:
As for a Weezle to eate vp the Sunne.
But *Mercury* whome we quicke ſiluer call,
May be fixed as ſiluer naturall:
Perfect good ſiluer, permanent and ſure,
And ſhall all proofes of Tuche, and Teſte endure.
No difference twixt other ſiluer and this:
But that is ſteedefaſt, and this running is,
Yet as it is it cureth Maladies,
Ache in the ioynt's, and french infirmities.
And men once cur'd, with neuer dying praiſe,
With ſacrifice and ſacred rounded layes
Doe blaze with Trumpe, of euerlaſting fame,
The glorious order of this circled frame.
And now *Endymion* hath Anatomized,
The vniuerſall world, and all therein compriſed,
One onely thing remain's as yet vntouch'd,
Which is moſte admirable, yet cloſely couch'd,
Tis this: to what end all theſe thinges were fram'd
Which in this particular we haue nam'd.
The anſwere is the vſe thereof is great,
Eyther for contemplation or Meate.
Principallie for bleſſed mans behoofe,
Theſe things were framed as a certaine proofe,
That he would loue him euerlaſtingly,
For whome he framed vniuerſalitie,

Quicke
may be

The vſe of
th is philoſo
phie.

For when worlds engine was thus finiſhed,
And all the parts perfectly poliſhed:
Yet this whole frame ſerued *Pan* to no purpoſe,
Nor did he benefite by one of thoſe,
Whom he had made, vpon, and in this round,
Heauen, or Earth, or what therein is found.
For next to heauen were the Angels made,
And ſhortly after ſome fell Retrograde.
And became diuels by alteration,
Of all their qualities in creation.
And haue their place within the ſpacious ayre,
Kept in Chaines of euerlaſting Deſpaire.
Yet not of Angell, Diuell: or ought created,
And *Pan* neede in pleaſure ſcituated,
Yet would he make this glorious world, and why?
For that he ment to frame a Monarchie:
Or large Empire full of ſoueraigntie,
Then formed he a Prince of royall dignitie
Of a wonderfull Grace and Maieſtie,
To ſway this Imperiall Monarchie,
He framed firſt his bodies lineaments,
With all his admirable Complements.
As a yong man of thirtie yeares of age,
Beautifull, gratious, of comely viſage.
Yet dead he lay, as carkaſſe on a greene,
No life or motion in him felt or ſeene.
Like ſweete *Adonis* ſleeping on the Mount,
Whom peerleſſe *Venus* had in high account.
Then breath'd he into him the breath of life,
Where preſently began a gentle ſtrife.
When euery limme began it ſelfe to moue,
And ſtretch it ſelfe his vitall force to proue,
The cloſed eyes their Curtaines did diſplay,
The rowling eye had motion euerie way.
The noſthrils gan to feele the fragrant ſmell,
Of ſweeteſt ſented flowers which there did dwell,
The eare began to hoare melodious notes,
Of daintie Birds, from out their warbling throates.

The

The Rubie, liquid, warming vitall blood,
Pass'd euerie veine, as riuers streaming flood.
From Liuers fountaine t'impart nourishment;
Vnto the heart that hath the gouernment,
And so through conduits secretly contriu'd,
Is blood to euery humane part deriu'd.
This life to euerie part gaue perfect sense,
To feele according to their difference.
Within his head by hidden instruments,
Were placed Natures blessed Ornaments.
The forehead kept obiected phantasie,
The hinder part reteyneth memorie.
Intelligence hath her place principall,
In the crowne of the head highest of all,
Fit to receiue obiects from phantasie,
And to commit them vnto memorie.
Within a branchie filme there lyeth the braine,
Close rampir'd vp with Barracados twaine:
Both maters, and the flint-hardie Scull,
Here reignes the Soule, in maner wonderfull.
From thence she doth diffuse her operation,
To euerie member in his scituation.
This breathed Soul s an immortall substance,
Simple, spirituall and of puissance.
Though breathed, yet no part of *Pans* Essence,
But a created glorious existence.
Fitting the bodie for Procreation,
It selfe not fit for generation.
A simple essence cannot be deuided,
As Philosophers haue well decided.
Thus being animated his tongue did moue,
And spake some words which tended vnto loue.
Then neuer present *Pan* tooke him by th'hand,
And set him on his feete, making him stand.
And made him view his glorious Maiestie,
As farre as might his perspicacitie.
And made him view the glorie of the place,
With all things fram'd, and set before his face.

The Li
fountai
blood.
The he
principa

The hea
ceptacle
senses int
lectuall. F
tasie in t
forehead
morie in t
hinder pa
the head.
Vnderstā
in the cro
of the hea
Dura Ma
Pia Mate

The soule
Immortall
Simple.
No part of
Gods esse
Created, t
is, breathe

Not *ex tra*
ce that is, O
soule to beg
another.

He saw Go
as he might
behold him.

Producing to him all creatures framed,
So to be termed, as he would haue them named.
He made EDEN, GAN, IEHOVAH habitation,
Fit for a Prince of his creation,
Repleniſhed with fruites of euery kinde,
To fit the belly, and to pleaſe the minde.
In the midſt of the round world Scituate,
The reſt with great eaſe to contemplate.
There he inueſted him, as in a Throne,
Giuing him ſeaſon and poſſeſſion,
And imperiall domination.
Of all this loweſt roundes creation.
Gracing his gouernment with certaine law's,
Which Clarkys comprehenden in their Saw's.
And being high pointes of Theologie,
Surpaſſe *Endymions* Philoſophie.
Marke (*Cinthia*) where Philoſophie doth linne,
There alwaies doth Theologie beginne.
He cal'd him ADAM: ISCH: an earthly man,
Worldes wonder, Monarche, Terreſtriall *Pan*.
So glorious ſhining, Princely excellent,
Vertuous, holy, wiſe, and continent:
Sober, modeſt, ſtrong, graue, and temperate,
Amiable, Magnanimous, and moderate.
Of comely jeſture, and ſweeteſt carriage,
Fit to poſſeſſe *Ioue's* Qneene in marriage.
Yet deſolate alone, and comfortleſſe,
Ritch yet poore, pinch'd with ſolitarines,
Commaunding all thinges that were created,
Yet could not his minde bee recreated
Becauſe he was conſtrain'd to liue alone,
Without inioying a companion,
Which *Pan* perceiuing, caſt him in a ſleepe,
Commaunding *Morpheus*, this prince to keepe.
As one receiuing *Opium*, or *Dwall*,
Depriu'd of vitall ſence, doth deadly fall:
So falleth downe this mightie earthly Prince;
Neuer felt *Flora* ſuch a creature ſince,

Except

Except he were more then a mortall man,
Receiuing Pearle of *Tellus*, part of *Pan*.
Falling ſhe tooke him in her bleſſed armes,
And lul'd him faſt a ſleepe with ſacred charmes.
Soe dead a ſleepe with Incantations,
She dreſſed his bodie with Carnations:
Crimſen Gilliflowers, Pinkes and Paunſies,
Muske-Roſes, and other pleaſing Phanſies.
Thinking herſelfe, a Queene moſte fortunate,
If ſhe might liue to chuſe him for her mate.
But mightie *Pan* prouided otherwiſe, Womā
Out of his ſenceleſſe ſide he made to riſe,
A young Princely gratious louing creature,
Far ſurpaſſing any former feature.
Of ſuch a ſhape diuine, and Majeſtie,
As amazeth my beſt Philoſophie.
Her face was like my faireſt *Cinthya*.
And peraduenture like *Muſophila*.
Her grace, behauiour, and modeſtie,
Surmounteth any mans Capacitie.
Nor by *Endimion* can be blazed,
But it will make the whole world amazed.
Heauen and earth cannot the like afford,
As muſt be wife to this imperiall Lord.
For ſhe muſt be of bodie excellent,
That muſt lie by a King Magnificent,
And it behoueth her to be preciſe,
To talke with him that's abſolutely wiſe.
Pan therefore taking conſultation,
Said ſhe ſhould ſerue for generation.
Her skinne was white as was the Iuorie,
Thinne and ſmooth as the fineſt Tiffany,
Where through a man might perfectly beholde,
The azured veynes, her inward parts to folde.
A reddie intermixt vermilion,
Diffuſed was pleaſant to looke vpon.
Her golden hayre diſperſed to her thighes,
Cloſe ſhrowd's, *Lucina's* ſacred Miſteries.

Her modeſt eyes like ſparkling Diamonds,
Pure and chaſte (vnlike to *Roſamonds*,)
Piercing like *Cupids* fixed fierie Darts,
Sterne, fierce, and bloody, Marble-Martiall-hearts,
Loues mountaines, apples of *Hiſperida*,
Such were her breſts witneſſe my *Cinthia*,
From whence by corall conduits flowing are,
Streames of the ſweeteſt cæleſtiall Nectare,
Her crimſon ſmyling lipps did make a ſhowe,
That mirth and pleaſure in her mouth did growe.
Her teeth euen ſet by natures curious hand,
As rowes of orientall Pearles did ſtand.
Theſe keepe her tongue, and inſtruments of voice,
Of purpoſe made to cauſe her Lord reioyce.
Tender her hands, her fingars long and ſmall,
Fit to delight her Lord, and ſport withall.
Thus fram'd ſhe was in iuſt proportion,
Which made the world amaz'd to looke vpon.
But for the Ornaments of her princely minde,
For excellency were not farre behinde.
The noble ſoule of *Adam* firſt created,
If they be view'd and iuſtly eſtimated.
Some ſhepheards hau'n ſeely folkes abuſed,
Which donne denie her ſoule to be infuſed
Into her bodie, as bleſſed *Adams* was,
But rather that creation came to paſſe,
By propagation out of *Adams* ſoule.
We finde no warrant for this in our rowle.
For ſimple eſſence can no way generate,
His like: and yet conſerue his former ſtate.
Thus was the glorious Queene accompliſhed,
And with cæleſtiall beautie furniſhed.
Pan bleſſed her, and call'd her *Adamah*,
A female earth, and after *Nekebah*.
By reaſon of her great concauitie,
To take and holde begotten progeny,
This being doon, he viewd the ſleeping man,
At his commaund *Morpheus* ſwiftly ran,

womans was not of *Adā* but in- by God.

ue.

m, Ada-

bah per- boared tha ble, of the *Nekeb* ring to thing

In the darkesome Caues of *Erebus*,
With all his mistie charmes Somniferous,
And left the sleeping Prince in *Floras* lappe,
Not knowing what was done for his good happe,
At last his lustrious eyes, he gan aduaunce,
Rouzing himselfe, and shaking of his traunce,
And standing vp vpon his princely feete,
Pan caused his vertuous Lady him to greete.
Whose suddaine view, strook him to such amaze,
As marueling a while did naught but gaze,
He wondered at her beautifull proportion,
Her gratious lookes and constitution.
And looking well vpon himselfe (quoth he)
So well this peerelesse frame, resembleth me,
As if she were my propper flesh and bone,
In bodie and soule, wee seeme to be but one.
In all the earth her match can not be found,
In whome humanitie doth so abound.
Then euer liuing, euerlasting *Pan*,
Acquaintd him how euerie thing began,
And said absolute shall be thy pleasure,
Take heere to wife this surpassing treasure,
The Prince obey'd, the Lady was content,
Mightie *Pan* marryed them incontinent.
And blessed them: saying they should increase,
And fill the world till heauen and earth did cease.
This pleas'd the Prince, in token of consent,
He gaue her halfe this worldly regiment.
Parting betweene them, earthes circumference,
And cal'd her ISKAH for preheminence,
Then was the marriage solemnized,
And in our sacred rowles eternized.
Where blessed Angels sounded harmonie,
And chirping Birds chaunted their Melodie,
The King and Queene, with ioyfull hearts did sing,
And hils and dales, rebounding Eccho's bring.
Tellus and *Flora*, kep't it holy-day,
Attired in their moste gorgeous array.

Iskah a M[illegible]
nesse as we[illegible]
a Dutche[illegible]

And all the Orbs and Spheres gaue looking on,
When Princely *Adam* tooke his Paragon.
How long they liu'd in their felicitie,
Is not contain'd in Natures Myſterie.
What was their arte, their life, their fall, their end,
By ſacred layes and Oracles beene pend.

WIth that, *Endymion* caſt his eyes aſide,
And ſaw a gentle Knight come pricking on,
Swift was his pace, and knightlie did he ride,
Bending his race towards *Endymion*.
As ſtately Knight he was to looke vpon,
Complet his armes in rich Capariſon,
His horſe like *Pegaſus*, and he *Belerophon*.

Likely he was to mannage Martiall armes,
Well could he couch in reſt his dreadfull Speare,
He rode as one that ſcorn'd Theſſalian charmes,
Nor did he any ſtrange aduentures feare:
The Armes and Shield which I did ſee him beare,
Were coloured blew, thicke ſet with ſiluer Starrs:
His Shield an azur'd Porpentine, with golden barrs.

His wauing Baſes manaced the skies,
Like as his Armour to Welkin ſemblant,
Couch'd in his Saddle cloſe to enterprize,
Stratagems and aduentures puiſſant.
If any in the earth were commorant,
And ſingle Combat quicke to vndertake,
Gainſt helliſh Monſters or Lernæan ſnake.

His ſteely helme, a Corronet of Bayes,
Empaled round: the penon of his Launce,
The ignorance of all the world diſplayes,
For when he gan, his warlike Speare ta'duaunce,
Some golden Letters writ I read by chaunce.
The Motto was (if I remember right)
Learning Triumphs in Enuies great deſpight.

The ſimple Shepheard cried out amaine,
Flie noble *Cynthia* we are betrai'd,
So ſore amazed was the Countrey ſwaine,
That he forgot what he had done or ſaid.
Renowmed *Cynthia* was no whit diſmaid,
But comforted th'amazed ſenſeleſſe man,
Willing him hold his courſe as he began.

And all the Ladies from their ſeates aroſe,
To view the comming of this warlike Knight:
In circle-wiſe they faire *Cynthia* cloſe,
To ſhrowde *Diana* from *Acteons* ſight,
The Shepheard would haue ta'ne himſelfe to flight,
But that he was aſham'de to runne away,
Leauing the Ladies to the warriers pray.

He layd aſide his Pipe, and tooke his Hooke,
As if he would an armed Knight withſtand,
The ſeely ſoule put on a manly looke,
Yet better was his running then his hand.
He wiſht himſelfe farre off in other land,
For fitter were his hands to vſe a pen,
Then mannage Armes with any Marſhall men.

But making vertue of neceſſitie,
He made a ſhow as if he ment to fight,
Vpon his feet, he ſtarted ſuddenly,
To ſhield theſe Ladies from that manly Knight.
No queſtion there had beene a noble fight,
To ſee him wield a woodden ruſtie Hooke,
That fitter were to mannage ſacred Booke.

O how the Shepheard would haue ſtirr'd his ſtumps,
And laid about him with his ſmottie Boxe,
His woodden Crooke had giuen ſuch deadly thumps,
As would haue ſtricken downe a falling Oxe.
So would the Knight haue feard the Shepherds knocks,
As if a Bulruſh hit him on the Creſt,
Or if a Gnat had ſtung his armed breſt.

But all was well, no terror was intended,
The Knight nor car'd, nor knew *Endymion*.
He rein'd his Steed, and lightly downe diſcended,
And with a Courtly diſpoſition,
Lift vp his Beuer, whereby euery one,
Knew him to be, the mightie *Aſtrophill*,
Whoſe prayſe is paynted with an Angels quill.

Prince of all Poets in *Acadia*,
Magnanimous of euerlaſting Fame,
Of chiefe regard, with famous *Cynthia*,
Appollo parted with him halfe his name,
And gaue him skill darke ignorance to tame,
Appollo twined with his learned hand,
The Lawrell Crowne, which on his head doth ſtand.

But when my *Cynthia* knew 'twas *Aſtrophill*,
She ranne to claſpe him in her daintie Armes,
But out alas, it paſſed mortall skill;
Inchaunted was the Knight with ſacred Charmes.
His bodie dead of yore, the more our harmes.
ton vpon leath of S. O noble *Drayton* well didſt thou rehearſe,
Our Damages in dryrie Sable verſe.

Thrice *Cynthia* tri'd to folde him in her armes,
But all in vaine, ſhe nothing comprehended:
Her vitall blood that all the bodie warmes.
For ſooke her veynes, and to her heart aſcended.
For loe, ſhe fainting fall's as life were ended:
Making moſt wofull lamentation,
Yet *Aſtrophill* ſtill kept his ſtation.

The worthy Nimphes that circled *Cynthia*,
Amazed at her fall made ſuch a crie,
As wak'd the Satyrs of *Syluania*.
And feeding Lambs did greatly terrifie:
The Shepheard in a mortall trance doth lie,
The tender Ladies had the better hart,
Setting all cowardice and feare apart.

Nymbly they tooke, and rubbed *Cynthia*,
Till ſhe reuiu'd, who lifting vp her eyes,
Behelde the Elfin of *Arcadia*,
And cri'de deare: brother do not temporiſe:
Nor do thou Ladie *Cynthia* deſpiſe,
Why ſpeak'ſt thou not to her that loues thee beſt,
What diſmall humor hath thy minde poſſeſt?

With that as from a deepe concauitie,
A filuered voice, and words of great import,
Proceeded from the Knight with Maieſtie,
Diſtinct, pithie, plaine, but wondrous ſhort,
Yet ſuch as vnto vs gaue great comfort.
A man, a ghoſt, a knight, a potentate,
Kumane, diuine, forcible, laureate.

Dies, liues, fights not, yet mortally doth wound,
Death, life, time, fortune, wiſedome, learning, wit,
Nature, Arte, forme, languages profound,
Glorious, earthlie-pompe, fame excelling it:
No earthly thing eternally ſhall ſit,
Vertue, Pietie, and pure Sanctitie,
Shall weare the Crowne of immortalitie.

Theſe words the trembling Shepheard did reuiue,
They were ſo full of raritie and choyſe,
Reſembling skill of *Aſtrophill* aliue:
The ſound he thought was not vnlike his voice.
Endymion did mightily reioice,
And ſaid aloud, or thou art *Aſtrophill*,
Or thou haſt learn'd this Sonnet from his skill.

Shepheard (quoth he) I am and am not hee,
I am not perfect *Aſtrophill*, but part,
The ſhade which now appeareth vnto thee,
Is ſubſtance ſpirituall fram'd by Arte;
What mortall was, is ſlaine by deadly Dart
Of *Thanatos*, corrupt conſum'd to duſt;
Such is the end of all thy worldly luſt.

But what art thou that ſitſt among theſe bayes?
Vnfold to me for I muſt needes be gone,
I was reader (quoth he) in former dáies,
Vnto great *Aſtrophill*, but now am one,
Stripped, and naked, deſtitute alone.
Naught but my Greekiſh pipe, and ſtaffe haue I,
To keepe my Lambs and me in miſerie.

Art thou (quoth he) my Tutor Tergaſter,
He anſwered yea: ſuch was my happie chaunce,
I grieue (quoth *Aſtrophill*) at thy diſaſter:
But fates denie me learning to aduaunce.
Yet *Cinthia* ſhall afford thee maintenance.
My deareſt Siſter keepe my Tutor well,
For in his element he doth excell.

And for thy ſelfe, I bring thee happie newes,
Thou ſhalt inioy a long and happie peace:
Which former bloodie wars, and death enſues,
For ciuill heate in *Albion*-ſoyle ſhall ceaſe,
And noble blood ſhall perfectly encreaſe,
Church-men heareafter ſhall agree in one,
Banniſhing ſects, and ſuperſtition.

Pride ſhall be turned to humilitie,
Each man ſhall keepe himſelfe in his degree,
Diſcurteſie ſhall be ciuilitie,
Wanton Maydes ſhall modeſt Matrons bee,
Noe Man ſhall ſeeke the fruite of others tree.
Noe Rapine, ſwearing, or abuſion,
Noe Murder, ribauldrie, confuſion.

Each man ſhall ſeeke, to doe his neighbour right,
Greene graſſe ſhall floriſh in Weſtminſter Hall:
You ſhall diſcerne a beggar from a Knight,
Extortion and briberie, ſhall haue a fall.
Golde exchanged for thinges cæleſtiall.
Vertue, Truth, Honeſtie, Religion,
Shall Tryumph in the britiſh Regyon.

Cæsar shall see his foes subuersion,
No man shall lift a sword against his Crowne,
His issue shall not feare dispersion,
Christo & *Mastix* shall be tumbled downe,
Peace, faith, loue, ioy, honor in euery Towne.
Trumpets shall sound, and bels shall ring for ioy,
Virgins and boyes, shall sing *Vive la Roy*.

Reuerend olde age, shall bring thee to thy Herse,
And glorie shall adorne thy progenie:
Eternall fame shall blaze in golden verse,
Thine honorable life and destinie.
Renowned Poet's of highest Ingenie,
Shall decke thy Tombe with euerlasting fame,
And with goulden pens celebrate thy name.

And when thy bodie shall consume to dust,
Resting it selfe in deepe obscuritie:
With dreadfull Trumpe shall rise againe the iust,
Thy bodie shall surpasse in dignitie,
The welkin which thou seest in Maiestie,
Meane while thy spirit a substance diuine,
In tryumph rid's in equipage with mine.

About the Orb's and Spheares cælestiall,
Dignified with euer shining light,
Viewing the majestie imperiall,
Clad in a vesture of the purest white.
Which *Amnos* made before the world was dight,
Where thou with me, and I with thee shall sing,
Eternall prayses to the immortall king.

These blessed Nimphs, enuironing thee round,
Thrice noble, by their propagation:
Neeces to *Astrophill*, of honor found,
Of modest, vertuous inclination,
Happie shall be their generation.
And blessed they till *Ioue* haue wrought his will,
And caus'd them mount the skies to *Astrophill*.

And now my *Cinthia* time ſommons me hence,
My newes been done I can no longer ſtay.
He mounted *Pegaſus* and hy'de from thence,
Piercing the welkin, vaniſhed away.
Leauing the Ladies in wofull diſmay,
Lifting their heads, and gazing on the skies,
Obſeruing the courſe, as *Aſtrophill* flies.

Galaxia tooke him in her ſplendent armes,
Sweetely ſhe couch'd him in her Canapie,
She ſeal'd the paſſage, with her counter charmes,
To guard her ſleeping Knight from Ieopardie.
Without regard of impaciency,
Cinthia would needes aſcend *Olympus* hill,
To liue or dye, with bleſſed *Aſtrophill*.

Nature perſwaded her to ſtay a while,
Her time prefixed was not yet aſſign'd:
The fatall Siſters, would not cut her file,
Her robes vnmade, her Coronet vntwin'd.
Nor was the quinteſence of nature fin'd,
Neither was yet great *Aſtrophill* awake,
That might her entertainment vndertake.

Cinthia replyed not, as one reſolued,
Her will to put in execution:
Oftentimes her ſacred ſoule reuolued,
Which way to make a diſſolution,
Of this her bodies conſtitution
And juſtly knowing twa's not in her power,
Determined to ſtay her fatall houre.

And yet to ſpend in contemplation,
The better part of her remaining dajes:
Which vow ſhe keepes in veneration,
Witneſſe her learned Poems, and her Layes,
So often crowned, with Arcadian Bayes.
Thus long ſitting ſilent in that place,
[illegible] her blushing Face,

Then all the Ladies haſted to depart,
And *Cinthia* turn'd her to *Endimion*:
With wordes of grace proceeding from her heart,
She thank'd him for his former cantion.
This Mount (quoth ſhe) take for thy manſion.
Here ſhalt thou dwell, and feede thy little flocke,
I with my Ladies, well encreaſe thy Stocke.

The ſtately Garland, of her bleſſed traine,
For beautie machleſſe, incomparable,
With greateſt fauours grac'd this countrie Swaine,
(Particulers will be admirable)
Of eſteeme they were vnualuable.
And out of doubt they had been durable,
If worldly enuie had been curable.

He liu'd a while in reputation,
Expounding Oracles of Theologie:
His flocke was had in eſtimation,
As guided well by his Phyloſophy.
Profoundly could he chaunt that miſterie.
In languages of higeſt Poetrie,
Vnfolding riddles of antiquitie.

I left the Shepheard in this happy ſtate,
Feedeing his lambs in mirth and iollitie:
But it fell out, when I retun'd of late,
His mirth was moane his ſolace miſerie,
(Loe heare worlds-glaſſe of mutabilitie)
He wrung his hands, and made a rufull moane,
His drops of teares might pierce a Marble ſtone.

I wondred how his bleſſed Comœdie,
Could haue ſo ſuddaine alteration.
I ask'd the cauſe of this his Tragædie,
Hee anſwered: enuies ſophiſtication.
I thought to write, the whole narration,
But ſith Tragædies haue a bloody end,
[illegible] he will not haue it [illegible]

Smith of Olde-Hunger Knight,
a worthie fauourer of
learning.

YOur ancient loue to him that wrote this Booke,
Hath made *Ourania* ſpeake an Engliſh verſe,
The Greekiſh Ladies of Caſtalion Brooke,
Entombed are, cloſe couch'd in Sable-herſe.
The mourning Cypreſſe and darke Popler-tree,
Are teſtimonies of their lowe degree.

Endymion lay's aſide his Hebrew Reed,
And bids *Ourania* harpe Philoſophie,
Whereof his Engliſh Lambs and flocke may feed,
Till *Phœbus* rayes diſpell obſcuritie.
He will'd her yet ſuch pleaſing Muſicke ſing,
As might conſort with *Ariſtotles* wing.

Such as delights Arcadian *Cynthia*,
And comforts Schollers at their idle times,
Viewing the ſecrets of *Ourania*,
As ſhe will chaunt them in her homely Rymes.
Wonders aboue, and all within this round,
Muſt be the ſubiect of her daintie ſound.

Shee ſings of Sunne and Moone, and wandring ſtarres,
Of vncouth Elementall Meteors:
Comets, Heraulds of death and dreadfull warres,
Fire, ayre, winds, vapours, Ocean, ſhowers,
And what ſoeuer you can thinke vpon,
Ourania ſings: ſo bids *Endymion*.

Read learne, and heare, trie, ponder, write, digeſt,
Words, matter, ſong, truth, arte, wit, Miſterie:
Commend *Ourania*: take her to your gueſt,
Shee'l teach the yonger Lambs Philoſophie,
Such Myſteries as neuer Engliſh Pen,